

## For men like these, there's no room in the skyscrapers

pg. 15



## This is war on the earth and oil runs the war

pg. 21

Interviews with Marge & Don Hayakawa, Jessica (Mitford) & Bob Treuhart, Evelyn & Cecil Williams, Angela & Joe Alioto, Merla (Zellerbach) & Fred Goerner, Melissa & Herb Gold, Marion & Hunt Conrad, Marsha Hudson & Ron Drucker, Louise & Charles Garry and Joanne & Bruce Beasley.

pg. 6

## The high cost of ugliness

By Michael Stephen Metcalf

"New York's failure is in human arrangements, a failure with many sources. It can be traced to the apathy and venality of the city's politicians; to the remoteness and indifference of the city's business and financial leaders, to the selfishness of competing groups and interests whose actions take little account of the general welfare."

--R.J. Whalen: *A City Destroying Itself*

Proponents of U.S. Steel's proposed waterfront project like to claim it will "widen the tax base" through increased property tax payments to the city.

But experience with other building projects suggests this may not be so at all.

There is evidence, in fact, that projects of the sort proposed by U.S. Steel actually add more to city costs than they provide in new taxes.

The Bank of America Building, for instance, is often cited as a prime example of "widening the tax base" because, while the so-called area in which the building is situated yielded \$280,742 in property taxes before construction of the building, it now yields \$3,193,495.

It is contended that the new city services required because

of the new building could not cost nearly as much as this increase in taxes. This ignores the crucial fact that city services are accorded people, not buildings.

The Bank of America Building houses approximately 5,000 people during the day, as compared with roughly 425 in the 11 buildings that were there before.

Thus, the property tax per occupant is less in the new building than in the old: \$638.70 for the Bank of America Building, \$660.57 for the buildings it replaced or a decline of 3.3 per cent.

It seems safe to say, then, that no substantial increase in per capita revenue has resulted from the replacement of low density development with high density development.

And the per capita revenue should drop lower when the building is at its full capacity of 7,500. The present low occupancy appears to be caused by the "prestige" nature of the building, such that tenants currently allocate an unusual amount of space to each employee, presumably senior executives.

### "Prestige" moves

As the "prestige" of the building declines as it ages, and as views from its windows are destroyed by the erection of other tall buildings nearby (ironically stimulated by the Bank of America Building itself), senior executives will move on to new "prestige" locations. They will be replaced by other employees requiring less space.

Moreover, property tax revenues are based upon the market value of the building, and, as the building ages and thus

depreciates, the taxes will decline.

This combination of depreciation and greater occupancy should significantly reduce per capita property tax revenues from previous levels of lower density development.

It also is questionable whether the concentration of people in high rise/high density development would effectively lower the marginal cost of providing municipal services to building occupants.

While it is clearly more efficient to provide certain services (such as police protection), other services (such as the city pound or the municipal court) have little relationship to the distribution of population.

The significant factor in marginal costs for departments such as these is population size, so high density development increases marginal costs.

### Less taxes

Thus, the example of the Bank of America Building indicates that, on a per-capita or marginal basis, replacement of low density development with high density development at best does nothing to "widen the tax base." It probably will, in fact, reduce tax revenues.

The total economic effect of a single tall building is difficult

to separate from the general economic activity in its immediate area.

In addition, the construction of single high density buildings inalterably changes the characteristics of a neighborhood and consequently exerts tremendous pressure on adjacent and nearby lots for the construction of more high density buildings.

These tall building zones could be compared to automobiles en masse. While one automobile provides cheap, flexible and efficient transportation, 25,000 automobiles on a freeway constitute not only a highly inefficient system of transporting people, but also smog, noise, urban sprawl, traffic deaths and fantastically expensive freeway systems, all of which would have been inconceivable when observing a single automobile.

### New York

Similarly, a single tall building may indeed enhance a community, but 200 tall buildings result in noise, congestion and higher costs for municipal services, as New York demonstrates.

The net effect of many tall buildings in close proximity to one another is high density population, which, as Mayor

Continued on page 4

## Down with high rise

A recent Chronicle editorial joyfully eulogized the Bureau of Governmental Research for demolishing the Alvin Duskin case against high rise.

Eight of Duskin's charges are of "dubious validity" and one is "absolutely false," the editorial quoted the bureau's director, Louis Clisbee, as saying. There were hints of massive research, by computer no less, by this "long established and respected citizen's agency." (The bureau is largely funded by downtown business interests.)

Well, we checked and found: (a) the Chronicle's editorial writer, Al Hyman, put together the demolition job from a Chronicle news story; (b) the Chronicle reporter, Bill Workman, plucked the story from a one page bureau press handout; (c) the bureau's one page handout had one line of value judgment on the Duskin case; (d) Clisbee had no study and had done no research: he said he wouldn't "dignify" Duskin's case with a study; (e) the "computer analysis" turned out to be nothing more than a total of tax revenues before and after development of four buildings, including the Bank of America, supplied by the City Assessor; (f) this information was used last fall in a "joint labor-Chamber of Commerce" statement and published in a short Nov. 11 Examiner story.

A whopper of a story. But a good example of the incest and myth-making and obeisance to cataclysmic finance that has made skysrise "the oldest established permanent floating crap-game" in New York, Chicago and San Francisco.

Duskin doesn't have much hard economic data (nobody does: skysrise growth is still SPUR/Chamber/labor conventional wisdom). But the hard economics are there, in terms of density, congestion and pollution and the social lubricants skysrise

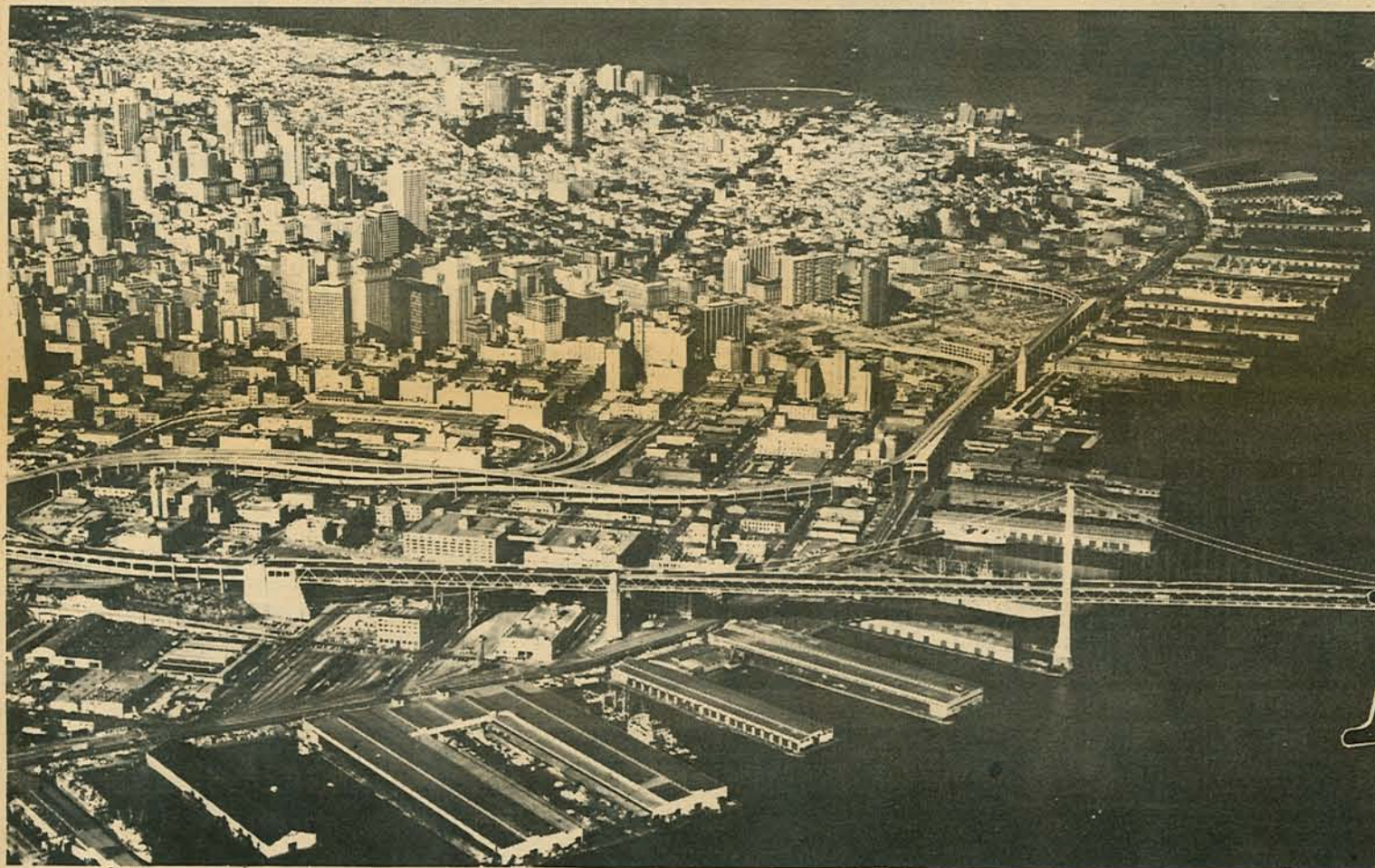
Continued on page 20



# If you like New York and Chicago,



1959



1965



1970

Photos by  
Pacific Resources, Inc.



# you're gonna love San Francisco!



Major projected buildings are numbered and correspond with numbers in chart below. Some projected buildings on chart are off the photograph.

1975

San Francisco's intensity of downtown development, as measured by the floor area ratio, is now greater than New York and Chicago and is the most intensive of any city in the West.

The floor area ratio (the footage of building floor space permitted for every foot of land on one's lot) is the key measure of intensity of development. San Francisco's f.a.r. is 14:1, but by adding concourses for BART and other amenities, a builder can increase his ration to 25:1 -- 25 feet of floor space for every foot of his lot.

Chicago's f.a.r. is 16.1. New York's is 15.1, with a maximum of 18.1 except

for special districts like the theatre district that can go up to 21.6 with amenities.

The present zoning plan accomodates and encourages this kind of intensive development. In effect, the plan calls for the densest concrete jungle in the world and will allow the world's tallest buildings. The 52 story Bank of America building, for example, could be constructed even higher under the plan.

SPUR takes credit for initiating the skysre zoning plan. The Downtown Advisory Committee and its members (the Chamber, the Real Estate Board, the Downtown Property Owners and Managers Association, PT&T, the Bank and Clearing House Association) provided the political muscle.

Selected Tall Buildings, New York and Chicago					1972 Projected Tall Buildings				
Completion Date	Building	Stories	Gross Floor Area Sq. Ft.	Floor Area Ratio	Year	Building	Stories	Gross Floor Area Sq. Ft.	Floor Area Ratio
New York					1976?	8 Crocker-Citizens H.Q. Block: Mtgy/Kearny/Post/Sutter	70	n.a.	n.a.
1931	Empire State	102	2,074,000	25.0:1	n.a.	9 Tishman-Cahill 1st/Mkt.	40	1,039,000	23.5:1
1964	Pan Am	59	3,000,000	18.6:1	n.a.	10 Del Monte Yerba Buena Center	25-30	600-900,000	n.a.
1970	World Trade Center (group of buildings)	5-110	12,000,000	17.2:1	n.a.	11 Fox Plaza Addition (above J. Magnin, Larkin/Mkt)	13 total	n.a.	n.a.
1961	Chase Manhattan Bank	60	1,860,000	15.8:1	n.a.	12 Blake Building NW Folsom/Steuart	11	165,000	12.1:1
1932-40	Rockefeller Center (group of buildings)	6-70	6,056,000	12.0:1	n.a.	13 Folger Building Addition, SE Howard/Main	19	353,000	9.2:1
Chicago					n.a.	14 Spear Street(2) NW Spear/Howard 150 Spear	13	250,000	9.9:1
1969	First National Bank	60	2,000,000	17.5:1	n.a.	15 Princess Hotel Sproule/Sacto	13	186,423	9.86:1
1929-30	Merchandise Mart	22	4,000,000	14.5:1	n.a.	16 Hyatt House-Nob Hill, SE Calif/Jones	29	213,812	8.5:1
1955	Prudential	41	1,763,000	10.2:1	n.a.	17 Holiday Inn Van Ness/Pine	15	245,143	6.8:1
1965	Civic Center	31	1,166,000	10.2:1	n.a.	18 Embarcadero Center 1,2,3	30	n.a.	n.a.
Selected Tall Buildings, San Francisco					1973?	19 US Steel (office) US Steel (hotel) On Waterfront btw. Howard/Folsom (Pier 16, 18)	18	772,345	n.a.
San Francisco					n.a.	20 Ferry Port Plaza (office) Ferry Port Plaza (hotel) Piers 3, 5, 7	20, 22, 60	n.a.	n.a.
1921, 1948	Standard Oil SW Bush/Sansome	22	632,600	16.7:1	n.a.	21 Southern Pacific on 1/2 block of Mkt/Mission/Steuart/Spear	40	approx 1,000,000	5:1 total
1926	Russ 235 Mtgy	31	632,000	15.7:1	n.a.	22 Yerba Buena #1 Mkt/Grant	22	approx 680,000	n.a.
1929	450 Sutter	26	289,072	12.0:1	n.a.	23 Yerba Buena #2 3rd/Mission	37	760,000	n.a.
1930	Shell NW Bush/Battery	30	315,900	18.3:1	n.a.	24 Yerba Buena #3 3rd/Howard	13	273,000	n.a.
1892, 1930	Mills Bldg. Bush/Mtgy/Treasury	22	486,000	10.1:1	n.a.	Yerba Buena #4 4th/Folsom	13	273,000	n.a.
1955	Equitable NW Sutter/Mtgy	25	430,000	18.0:1	n.a.	Yerba Buena Hotel 4th btw. Howard & Mission	16	n.a.	n.a.
1958	Jack Tar (office) SE Post/Frnklin	11	175,000	3.4:1	n.a.	25 Golden Gateway Apts. Betw. Jackson/Broadway; btw. Front/Embarcadero	60	1,000,000 (total)	3.5:1
1959	Crown Zellerbach 1 Bush	20	341,000	5.9:1	n.a.	Compiled by Marilyn Morgan			
1959	John Hancock SE Calif/Battery	15	189,000	7.4:1	n.a.				
1959	550 California	13	206,000	8.4:1	n.a.				
1959	Insurance Securities 14 Davis btw. Calif/Sacto	14	283,000	6.8:1	n.a.				
1961	Fairmont Tower SW Sacto/Powell	29	192,720	5.1:1	n.a.				
1963	Hilton Mason btw. O'Farrell/Ellis	17	676,417	7.6:1	n.a.				
1963	Federal Building 450 Golden Gate	20	1,219,000	10.7:1	n.a.				
1964	Pacific Telephone NW Folsom/Hawthorne	13	627,874	9.4:1	n.a.				
1964	Standard Oil-Chevron 555 Mkt.	22	283,000	7.3:1	1972	Howard Johnson Hotel Mkt./So. Van Ness	30	505,613	8.1 approx
1964	Hartford 650 Calif.	33	467,000	17.8:1	1964				
1965	Hong Kong Bank SE Pine/Sansome	19	119,000	12.0:1	1965				
1966	Wells Fargo SE Sutter/Mntgmry	43	717,000	23.9:1	1966				
1966	Fox Plaza (office) Polk/Market	29	310,000	9.9:1	1966				
1959, 1967	Pacific Telephone Pine Btw. Grant/Kearny	16	431,575	9.2:1	1966				
1967	Insurance Center SE Clay/Sansome	16	137,000	13.0:1	1966				
1967	Bank of Calif. NE Calif./Leidesdorf	21	300,000	12.6:1	1967				
1967	Alcoa Clay at Front	27	590,000	5.0:1	1967				
1967	Bechtel NW Mission/Beale	23	706,000	14.0:1	1967				
1968	First Savings (Gr. West. Svings) SW Calif/Sansome	26	186,000	19.6:1	1967				
1968	Miyako Hotel Japanese Cultural Center	15	49,661	1.9:1	1968				
1969	Bank of America NE Pine/Kearny	52	1,771,178	17.7:1	1968				
1969	Wells Fargo Annex SW Clay/Sansome	20	379,000	16.8:1	1969				
1969	Mutual Benefit Life 1 California	32	568,000	12.9:1	1969				
1969	Aetna NW Mkt/Mtgy	38	455,000	19.9:1	1969				
1970	Holiday Inn (Chinese Cultural Center) Sacto/Battery	26	316,132	9.1:1	1970				
1970	Security Pacific Bnk. (1 Embarcadero Center) Sacto/Battery	45	946,000	12.7:1	1970				
1971	PG&E (New Tower) Mission btw. Beale/Main	34	907,000	11.3:1 (total)	1971				
1971	Hilton (New Tower) NE Ellis/Taylor	46	372,055 (tower) 1,048,472 (total)	12.3:1 (total)	1971				
1972	Transamerica Mtgy/Columbus	48	535,000	12.5:1	1972				
1972	W. Coast Life (Union Bank) Davis btw. Calif/Sacto	37	738,000	18.5:1	1972				
1972	Pacific Insurance NW Pine/Front	33	416,000	17.1:1	1972				
1972	Westbury Hotel (Knott) NE Sutter/Powell	29	276,364	14.0:1	1972				
1972	Hyatt House/Union Square/SW Sutter/Stockton	30	504,885	14.1:1	1972				
1972	St. Francis Hotel (Tower) Post/Geary	31	1,025,243 (total)	12.9:1 (total)	1972				



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# Reagan's PUC attacks 'frivolous diversions' \*

By Jay Joseph

Why not just end the charade and go back to the pre-Hiram Johnson days and call it the Railroad and Warehouse Commission?

The regulatory agency now known as the California Public Utilities Commission, a creature of Hiram Johnson reform in 1911, was intended to be second only to the California Supreme Court in importance and independence in its role of protecting the consumer against the excesses of the all-powerful railroads and utilities.

It worked for Hiram. It worked in latter days for Governors Earl Warren and Pat Brown. It worked so well that Pacific Telephone Co. was the despair of its parent American Tel and Tel as the company with the lowest earnings--read that lowest rates--in the Bell System.

But Ronald Reagan is not Hiram Johnson.

And the California Public Utilities Commission might now at least consider striking "Public" from the signs in its McAllister Street offices in San Francisco.

The public is in low esteem these days around McAllister St. with Reagan's appointees the heirs of Johnson's agency.

"The orderly business of this commission is too often frivolously delayed or diverted from its objective," observed PUC President (he doesn't like the title chairman) John P. Vukasin Jr. not long after he took office.

Vukasin is an Oakland lawyer, a 1969 Reagan appointee to the five-member commission and in 1964 was state vice chairman for the Barry Goldwater presidential campaign.

When he speaks of frivolous diversions he is not referring to those mounds of printed testimony and exhibits utility attorneys bring in in wheelbarrow loads.

No. He means those amateurs from the Sierra Club, the California AFL-CIO, the fledgling lawyers of Consumers Arise Now from Hastings College of the Law, Bill Bennett and Sylvia Seigal of the Association of California Consumers. And Edward L. Blincoe, of whom more later.

Vukasin made that statement as he took over a Commission hearing on rules changes proposed by, among others, Francis N. Marshall, partner in Pillsbury, Madison and Sutro, the San Francisco law firm which enjoys a million dollar annual retainer from Pacific Telephone at its ratepayers' expense.

Marshall took his lumps from the Brown-appointed Commission a few years back when he went in as spear-carrier for a Pacific Telephone rate increase and emerged with a \$40 million rate reduction. It was not a performance calculated to win any endearment from the stewards of telephony at Ma Bell's headquarters company in New York, and future rate applications were entrusted to others.

Marshall, however, was allowed to contribute toward earning that million dollars a year, beginning in 1968, when he, John C. Morrissey of Pacific Gas and Electric Co. and A. Crawford Greene Jr., sometimes transportation industry counsel, offered some rules to "streamline" Commission procedure.

That is the point where entered from Stage Left a fat, untidy man with a crumpled wide tie when nobody was wearing wide ties. His name is Edward L. Blincoe and on a nickle-and-dime budget sans law degree (or, probably, any degree) he tilted with the distinguished man of the million-dollar-retainer, Francis N. Marshall.

At the rules change hearings Marshall, in fact, dubbed Blincoe most accurately as the epitome of "the man off the street." It was the kind of man Marshall is most desirous of eliminating from any but a minor role in rate increase applications.

"He cost the State of California and other parties, I'm sure, many tens of thousands of dollars in repetitious time," testified Marshall in the kind of indignation which occupation of a paneled office at Pillsbury, Madison and Sutro can engender.

The rules changes are numerous and most of them are of no public interest--but two are. One would put down the Blincoes of this world to a new status called "limited parties." As such they could introduce ex-



Ma Bell and the bell boys

hibits and testify till the cows come home--but they could not cross-examine witnesses.

The other change would require that all participants, with a few exceptions, be represented by attorneys.

Blincoe's monument to rate regulation is enshrined in page after page of cross examination of Pacific Telephone Co. witnesses. Cal PUC Case 7409; look it up if you have a few weeks free.

"I was repetitious," allowed Blincoe one day at the rules change hearing. "Sometimes I had to ask the same witness (from Pacific Telephone) the same question differently twenty times to get an answer he could have given the first time."

That kind of bickering is fun to observe on a dull day. But it obscures the potential contribution the Man off the Street can make on the public's behalf.

Continued on page 11

## \*Consumer objections to \$401 million in rate increases

Advertisement

### THE PHANTOM BLOT'S HOSTILITY REPORT

THE PHANTOM BLOT EMERGES FROM THE MORNING MISTS. WHAT CAN BE TROUBLING HIM??

WUZZA TROUBLE KID?

GOSH A MYSTERIOUS STRANGER

ISS THISS WHAT YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR...?

GOSH! HOWD' YOU KNOW?

I HAVE MY WAYS

TOKE

TOKE

TOKE

WOW...THIS IS GOOD DOPE...

YESS

YOU KNOW...IT'S TERRIBLE GRASS IS GETTING SCARCE

THAT'S TERRIBLE ALL RIGHT

YEAH...IT'S GETTING HARDER TO GET HIGH...

YOU...AN KEEP THAT ROACH I JUST WISH I HAD SOME MORE

GEE THANKS

BUT WHAT AM I GONNA DO WHEN THIS IS GONE?

BUT IT'S NOT ADDICTIVE YOU WON'T SUFFER.

I KNOW BUT I LIKE BEING HIGH

YOUR REVOLUTION RUNS ON GRASS, DOESN'T IT..?

GOSH HOWD' YOU KNOW?

I'M A BUSINESS MAN. I KNOW

IT'S TIME TO STEP IN

AND I ALSO KNOW A NEW WAY TO GET HIGH AND STAY THAT WAY STICK OUT YOUR ARM

GOSH

HOIST EM!

HOLY SMOKES! A LOP!

THE PHANTOM BLOT PRESENTS A QUIZ FOR WHITE CHILDREN

- FACT GRASS IS GOING TO BE SCARCE
- FACT PEOPLE ARE ENJOYING GETTING HIGH
- FACT THE SMACK TRAFFIC IS MOVING RIGHT UNDER THE NOSES OF THE LAWENORDER CROWD

QUESTION DOES SOMEONE SOMEWHERE WISH TO CONTROL A REVOLUTIONARY MINDED CULTURE THE SAME WAY THEY HOLD AND HAVE HELD THE BLACK CHILDREN



# Rena Zheutlin interviews Marge & Don, Jessica & Bob, Evelyn & Cecil, Angela & Joe, Merla & Fred, Melissa & Herb, Marion & Hunt, Marsha & Ron, Louise & Charles and Joanne & Bruce

Photos by Liz Kear

## Marge & Don

S.I. Hayakawa's schedule as President of San Francisco State College permitted only a short telephone interview. We visited his wife in their home in a wooded setting in Mill Valley.

The Hayakawas have three children, a son, who is married and lives in Oregon; a daughter, who is a student at the University of California in Santa Cruz; and a son, Mark, 20, at home.

•••

S.I. Hayakawa: We've been married 33 years. My wife used her maiden name for the first seven years of our marriage. I never objected. She just liked being an independent woman.

She helps my career a lot. Since I got my particular job, she has been extraordinarily helpful in the traditional woman's role, entertaining, helping out. If she'd suddenly been appointed to the U.S. Senate, I would have done the same, taken up the household chores.

You don't do these things by theory. You do them by love. My wife and I worked this out years ago.

It's a well known fact that we have many women on the faculty at S.F. State. We're starting a child-care center. I've pushed that and raised money.

Women should continue studying. Discrimination of women in medicine is particularly bad. There should be far, far more women doctors. Medicine is a sort of mothering occupation; taking care of people when they're ill.

The women's lib issues have been around a long time. Their grievances are extremely valid. I have a lot of sympathy for all this - enormous.

Mrs. Hayakawa: I met my husband when I was quite young, 18. We were friends first and always have been friends. He's the kind of person who allows other people to be at their best. He is not dominating or aggressive. He's understanding. This is why he's had many good friends among women. He treats them as people.

Raising children has been completely satisfying. I've enjoyed very much of their growing up. Our retarded child will always be a child. Don was involved in communications and psychology. He introduced me to this and I applied it specifically to our children.

We tend to feed our children attitudes. I never said,

Don't do that, little girls don't. It's arbitrary and limits the child's emotional range. I would substitute sex, reading children's stories. Why couldn't the courageous little duck be a girl?

This is what we should want our culture to do, allow women's personalities to expand naturally. Women can do anything they have the natural bent to.

Much more contribution should be expected from women; they're capable of so much more.

The events at State caused an immediate change in our lives. He just called up one day and said, Guess what, I'm acting president of San Francisco State. And I said, Good God, no.

Yet I accepted this as a challenge no one could turn down. I was very proud of him, able to meet it and not change from the way he'd always been. He'd come home exhausted, but wanting to tell me about it, his mild, relaxed self.

I had to go to many more social and official things than I'd ever had before. It's not my natural preference but I found a great deal to enjoy.

Don was always perfectly at ease with our children. He changed diapers, gave them their orange juice. Mark was slow to develop. Don would be working at home, dictating, and would carry Mark in the baby sling with him.

I strongly believe in the family. A healthy, supportive family is going to be hard to replace. I'd rather see child-care centers come as cultural change.

We must be careful that we keep in mind the welfare of the children. There's an unfortunate feeling of a dumping ground in some of the ways these child-care centers are advocated.

There are problems in the family because the father's place and kind of work is liable to be so remote, children can find no model of their own goals. I'd certainly encourage more flexibility in roles of men and women.

I never had any particular interest in cooking. Don taught me to. Now I'm fascinated with it.

A few years ago, the Freudians talked about the castrating female. Now we have a complete swing. There's a faddishness about all these things. Men are never spoken of in generalizations, like men drivers, men golfers.

Women do nag and dominate, because we haven't worked out a pattern of democratic, reciprocal arrange-

a bookworm, that was what they called me. I didn't have friends among the girls. They were interested in boys and clothes and didn't want to talk about books.

I left home at 17. I've been self-supporting since.

Drucker: You had mentors in a couple of the families you lived with when you began college. The men you were in contact with sounded like shmucks.

Hudson: The people who influenced me were women, like my mother, who were achieving in intellectual, if not professional, modes. I've always been very independent.

Drucker: I quickly adjusted to that. We started dating early in college. I'd dated girls in high school who weren't my intellectual equals. I wasn't comfortable with it, but I kept on, involved in spite of myself. I exploited them, holding back. With Marsha, the problem was quite the opposite.

Hudson: I was the initiator. I think if we ever had a problem, it was because I felt I was more aggressive. My personality was iconoclastic and--correct me if I'm wrong--Ron is more gentle, tactful.

Drucker: More feminine.

Hudson: I'm kind of brusque and I thought, Oh my god, how can it work if I'm so aggressive? It was liberating for me to realize it didn't make a bit of difference who fit the stereotypical image.

Drucker: At first I was kind of uncomfortable, when you came to the frat house at college.

Hudson: I'd come down for the weekend in culottes, with a cigarette hanging out of my mouth, saying, fuck, shit--but Ron was secure. That's one reason I was attracted to him. He didn't have to prove he was a man.

We lived together summers and quarter breaks before living here together. We gave a try at being married, too.

Drucker: I had a job with DuPont in Wilmington, Delaware, one summer. The company paid our way and we had to tell them we were married. She was a company wife.

Hudson: Instant stereotype. The welcome wagon came to our house. All the women asked, did I like to cook; they gave me coupons to buy material; and they all wanted to know what my husband did and wasn't that nice and no one wanted to know about me. We had to keep up the fiction, so I couldn't buck the disguise and say I wasn't Mrs. So and So and I was me.

It cured me, it broke any illusion that I could hack marriage. I don't want to be Mrs. So and So in any sense of the word. I don't want anyone to have any legal rights over me or ask anyone's permission for anything. I don't think it's civil government's business whether I'm married or not. The bond we have between us is our own making and our own responsibility.



ment. We have very few literary, artistic, or theatrical models.

A generation ago we had women of stature, pioneers like Margaret Sanger, Eleanor Roosevelt, Jane Addams. We need women like this now.

I'd always been against the dating situation. I felt the man was buying an evening with me. I used to open my own door, light my cigarette--it became awkward. Yet I had every right to make these symbolic bids for equality.

Every woman is a feminist underneath.

Age makes a difference. If a woman has raised children, she'll have a stake in resisting your proclamations that she's lived 20 years without using her full potential. A young woman with children is a little more accessible. I make a point of talking about what concerns them, like child-care.

Some women resist anything in which you say men are to blame, and imply that women in the movement are lesbians or neurotic. In this society, the whole consciousness is male and women adopt it, too. Oppressed people, like women and blacks, develop the self-hatred of the colonized. I grew up being contemptuous of women. I've rediscovered women.

Once a woman starts bucking and changing, making demands of the men around her, she loses security. Of her employer, by demanding he treat her as a full human being, not as an inferior in a cast system, and down to a personal level, affecting whether or not she's going to have a lover for a while.

Hudson: A lot of my own energies have been released. No more shilly-shallying. I'm able to be me without apologizing. I still have a need to prove I'm as good as any man. I'd like to teach in a big university. I'm more ambitious than Ron.

Drucker: I feel sort of flexible. I'm thinking about teaching too, not necessarily in the big academic world. I may go into publishing.

Hudson: Women's lib even gets into daily life. A big question is what to wear to your Ph.D. orals. A man taking them will be treated as an up and coming professional. If a woman's skirt is too short, she'll be judged on her sex more than on her mind.

You want to look fashionable, but not seductive. If you wear old levis, you look like a lesbian. Some of the girls wear black skirts and white blouses, like a waitress uniform. I ended up wearing a nice dress.

Men do fear women, intuitively knowing they oppress them.

Drucker: When I was 19, I was in a youth group, with a paradigm of the dominating woman. She was 30-ish, tailored, hard, with a strident voice. There is no equivalent tone in a man's voice, threatening and tense.

Hudson: You can put in that I castrate him twice a day and he likes it.



Photo by Neil Morse

## Hudson & Drucker

Marsha Hudson, 25, and Ron Drucker, 24, live together in a comfortable flat in a large, old house in Berkeley. They are both Ph.D. candidates at the University of California, Berkeley--Marsha in comparative literature, Ron in chemistry.

Marsha is in two feminist groups, a "small" group and a literature study group. They teach a Unitarian Sunday school class called "Rolling along with Marsha and Ron."

Marsha requested that, in the interview, the two be called Hudson and Drucker for reasons of equal billing. As I left, Ron went into the kitchen and started peeling onions for dinner.

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Hudson: I've been a feminist all my life. As a child, I read a lot and identified with heroes. I was going to fly planes and discover planets. When I hit puberty, I realized I was female and the possibilities of doing all these childhood dreams had to be revised.

In high school, I was a social outcast, alienated from the dating scene. I wasn't very pretty, I didn't have nice clothes, my hair wasn't in a bubble. I was





## Decca & Bob

Mrs. Treuhaft is better known as Jessica Mitford, author of the "American Way of Death" and a member of the famous English literary family. Bob, her husband, practices law in Oakland. They have two grown children, a daughter, 29, who is married and lives in New York, and a son, 23.

As we left, Bob went out to leaflet for the upcoming co-op elections. Decca reminded him to bring home groceries for dinner.

Decca: I was an outstanding example of the non-liberated girl. I grew up in the 20s, you know, the first short skirts and short hair. I remember one of my sisters banished from the house for bobbing her hair. My family was ten times more Victorian than others.

We were six girls and a boy. None of the girls were sent to school. We were brought up by governesses. My mother taught us how to be a good wife, how to run a house.

Robert: That was one lesson she didn't learn.

Decca: I ran away when I was 18. I'd started saving up when I was 12.

Robert: We met in Washington, D.C., during the war. She was a sub-eligible typist.

Decca: Really, that was my title. It was the low-

liest of all the lows. My first liberation, you might say, was through a woman lawyer who hired me. She was marvelous, got me on in ways, opportunities, I never would have had.

I was such a rotten typist, they made me an investigator. I transferred out to San Francisco and a few weeks later Bob came out and we got married. The first several years we were married we both worked.

Robert: It wasn't until our second child was born that you started keeping house.

Decca: It was awful. So many different things to do.

Robert: I'd come home and the floor would be covered with dirty diapers.

Decca: Robert gave me the Good Housekeeping Book of Housekeeping, on everything, like How to Clean Bedspreads. I'd curl up and read this fascinating stuff and the house would just...

Robert: And I'd come home and do the dishwashing.

Decca: What about the bedmaking machine I invented? A thing with huge arms and a beetle that scooted along the floor with a nose that was sensitized to dirty diapers.

Over the sink we had a sign, a quotation from a letter Lenin had written Rosa Luxemburg. As I recall, it says something like, "Of all tasks, housework is the most barbaric, degrading and menial."

Robert: I struck my blow for women's freedom in a way during the war. The government started to set up emergency child-care centers. I organized a child-care council in San Francisco which became statewide, to agitate for legislation and to continue the funds which were cut off as soon as the war was over.

Decca: The child-care center here now probably had its origins there. After the war, I got into the movement as secretary of the Civil Rights Congress of the East Bay, a forerunner of groups like SNCC.

Robert: It was a large and vigorous organization. Black women were the real powerhouses, not the middle class ones, but ghetto women.

Decca: I was secretary of that until it folded in 1955. I'd had so many different jobs, retail selling, market research; low paid, crummy clerical jobs. I couldn't get any other job. I was unemployed.

Robert: I discouraged her going into law, scoffing at her as a lawyer. Really, I'm kidding; my partner is a woman lawyer.

Decca: I began to write. My first book was an autobiography. Robert gave me the idea for the next,



"The American Way of Death." He was the family expert on funerals; his interest was part of a community effort.

I teased him about the lawyer plan, but then I became interested and did an article. Finally, we collaborated and worked together on it. He took a year off his law practice to help research for the book. Everyone said we wouldn't be able to stand each other but that didn't happen.

He went to Boston with me for the trial of Dr. Spock. That was a lark for him, a busman's holiday. Now I'm working on two articles about prisons, one on the California prisons and the other, "Night and Day in a D.C. Women's Prison," hopefully for one of the women's magazines.

People who are observers of women's lib, as I am, fall in two camps. One is all for it and the others'll pick away and snipe at any movement. I don't see how anyone can oppose the basic demands of women's lib.

Robert: She used to be introduced as the lawyer's wife. Now, I'm the writer's husband.

Interviewer: Do you feel, as some people say, that having a successful wife is castrating?

(He looked down pensively at his crotch):

No, I don't think so.

## Angela & Joe

The Aliotos were interviewed separately: the Mayor in his office with his press secretary and an unidentified aide with sun glasses, Mrs. Alioto in her Union Street shop, A. Genaro, Art Goods, as she greeted customers and supervised a redecorating project. The Aliotos have six children, five boys and a girl.

Mrs. Alioto: The Victorian Age is all right with me. I believe in marriage, in family life. I'd never, never have given up being a mother. I'm a firm believer in charity beginning at home.

I used to water my babies like flowers. I was always a gadabout. If I wanted to go anywhere, I'd pile 'em into the car and go.

Women have certain inalienable rights. As women, however, not as equals. I don't think there should be any equality, other than on the professional level, on a talent or economic basis.

If you can write this story as well as any young man and not get equal pay, well, then I'll go to bat for you.



Courtesy of San Francisco magazine

A woman has a perfect right to what arouses the most in her. Doing what comes naturally.

I just can't see where any woman happily in love with a man would be in women's lib. Are those women married? Are they happily married? I think they've been antagonized somewhere along the way. I think it's unnatural not to want to be loved.

I've always had very great respect for myself as a woman. The only thing I've ever felt inhibited about is the lack of freedom of a woman alone. A man can go places but people don't accept a woman travelling alone.

I used to play a lot of tennis, and horseback ride, and play a little golf. If I play with a man, I would make a point that he would win.

I prefer that than to be competitive.

I'm not saying give up women's liberation, but tell

those women to stop looking to the past, brooding, analyzing. Get the cobwebs out of their brains. I try to make today the first and last day of my life. Women are neurotics--most of us are--so what? Tell those girls to snap out of it, be happy.

I didn't intend to go into business, but I enjoy this very much. I'm a compulsive buyer and it's nice not to have to keep everything myself.

My shop is in my maiden name to distinguish it from my husband's name. I don't want any biased opinions in business.

My husband and I have our evenings together, and luncheon, sometimes. We've always done an extensive amount of travelling together.

Do I help my husband? On what, strategy? I've been in and out of federal courts all over with him.

I don't go to many political things, mostly social. I love people, I enjoy entertaining, but I'm very choosy. I do have a lack of privacy now.

A woman should work if that would make for more happiness for her, make for a better mother. She has to be a healthy, happy, normal woman to convey this to her children. She should do whatever would make her a happy person.

Mayor Alioto: Mrs. Alioto is involved in bringing up our family. We have six children, four in-laws and seven and five-eighths grandchildren, well six-ninths is more exact. We still have two children at home, 18 and 22.

My wife runs a rather imposing business on Union Street. She started the business entirely on her own. She's always been active outside the home. I would have objected to her working when the six kids were growing up.

Even before I was mayor, I was very busy as a lawyer. We did a lot of foreign travel together, though, and my wife was always with me. Our children have travelled with us, too. This thing is busier than perhaps she'd like.

We do a lot of entertaining, though not political. We are old-time attendants at opera, symphony. She loves to do those things.

My wife has independent mental and artistic resources. She is not a clinging violet nor a shrinking violet type. We have a partnership in judgment. We have disagreements, and discuss them as equals.

I told her in the beginning, she'd never have to undertake the political burdens--she'd never have any privacy.

I've spent a lot of time with the children. I don't think the wife should exempt the father. A father whose work becomes a gospel, an obsession, is making a horrible mistake.

If a kid gets a big obsession with Dylan Thomas, the father should read him. He shouldn't be a pal, but the old man should know about the kid's interests.

I was on the Jim Dunbar Show following Stephanie

Mills. She said she'd never have a child. I think her attitude is wrong. Never is a hell of a long time.

She ought not deprive herself of her options by making that commitment. If any daughter of mine came along and said she's not going to have children so that she can make her contribution to overpopulation--it's a tremendous mistake from the standpoint of her fulfillment.

Any notion that I'm prejudiced against women's rights should be dispelled by the fact that in our own office there is a woman as assistant for manpower. Nobody ever thought of that before.



I appointed my wife to the War Memorial Opera Board. I've appointed more women to city government than any mayor in the history of San Francisco. One never thinks of a woman as a police commissioner, fire commissioner. There is no reason for this. Women are just as important. I don't think there's a woman fire commissioner in this country. After all, women have as much interest in a fire as anyone else.

I don't think that those who talk about women's liberation should imagine they are the first. It's a long, long fight, that goes back to women's suffrage. Those women did accomplish something.

We've kept a very liberal attitude. As mayor, I allow permits for any kind of rally. We get every spectrum of political thought, we encourage them to express anything, until a brick gets thrown.

My dad was really one of the great cooks, but it's not my disposition.

When my wife opened her store, I didn't want her to use her married name because of the implications of my being in the mayor's office. I would expect her to be known as Mrs. Alioto rather than Miss Genaro with six kids hanging around.



## Melissa & Herb

Gold's schedule made it difficult to get the novelist and his wife together for an interview. I talked with Herb and drank coffee and "bachelors milk", powdered Carnation, in Herb's writing studio on upper Broadway above Chinatown. His bay view is spectacular.

I later met Melissa, 27, and their daughter, Nina, 2, who brought along her tricycle, in Hardcastle's coffeehouse.

The Golds also have five-month old twins, Ari and Ethan. This is the second marriage for both. Herb's daughters by his previous marriage are both students at Stanford.

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Herb works every day, Sunday in the morning, Saturday sometimes all day, sometimes just in the morning, so we don't have the conventional weekend together.

He's just really neat. For the time he's there things are really good. If he were around longer, I think,

when he should be writing, it would bother him.

I grew up that way. My father was like Herb. He wasn't home all the time but when he was, he was marvelous.

We get out almost every night. Herb isn't like the husband who comes home at 6, has dinner and goes to bed by 9. He comes home and is all ready to go.

He's very involved in his writing. It's essential to him. When he has a good day, it reflects on everything.

There are things I don't do right now, that I don't choose to do. I couldn't have a job unless I gave up taking care of the kids. People talk about kids being an ego trip.

I admit it. But there's a lot more involved than that. There are bad moments, as there are on any job, confusion, chaos. Yet the overall picture—I love it.

It's funny. The kids are very young. They want me to do everything. Nina won't let him change her diapers. The babies, too. The shit work is just a fact, you can't get around it. Herb doesn't do any of it. Sometimes I do mind.

Herb has kids almost but not quite my age. We're not contemporaries, but we're friends. There are no confusions about who's who. They can use me as an intermediary between themselves and their father. If I were older I'd have to be like a mother, there might be conflict.

When I got married the first time, guys liked a certain kind of elegance in dress and cared how your hair was.

Mine was long nothing. My husband said, you'll have to cut it if you want to look like a banker's wife. That was about the time I said, Oh shit. With Herb it isn't anything like that.

Originally, I thought your house and things you had in it had to have everything in its place. Herb feels very strongly about that, that you don't waste a lot of time about your possessions, but do things you enjoy or that are important to the world.

When I met Herb, I was teaching art to kids. I may go back to work, I'm not really sure. Herb thinks I'd be bored with just being a wife.

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Herb Gold: I'm completely in favor, let's say, sympathetic to women's lib. The women's movement involves a legitimate grievance which is expressed neurotically, sometimes foolishly, sometimes intelligently.

Recently, at a party, a woman asked me, 'How many books have you written?' 'Ten or eleven,' I said, 'I wasn't sure! Don't you think you've done enough?' she asked. 'Why don't you give your wife a chance?'

I found it annoying that she thought I should give up my life personality. I'd feel like less of a man not working full time.

A woman who marries a man who is a high achiever, to use the cliché, has to give up something. Her husband may ride roughshod over her for his ambitions.

My wife used to teach at the de Young Museum. She's bright, well-educated, good at what she does. As soon as she can, she's going to teach again. I'd like her to. She'd get satisfaction from it.

I have two daughters in college. We're close, closer than some. They're out here going to school. The babies—are babies. I like the babies. Some men don't, but I like playing with children, rolling around the floor with my kids.

I don't like to cook. If a man likes to, let him. A couple I know share the cooking. The wife decided that. She has him by the balls.

We have a little money; we can hire help. If we didn't, though, and for other people, we have to have childcare and all the things.

I'd be home more if I didn't fly to give lectures. We can afford more this way, though it's not just the money. I want to. My wife never says anything about my being gone, she just worries about the flying. And after I go away for a few days, we have stories to tell each other, there's an electricity, which we would not have in a day to day routine.



There's a game of being a man and a woman, a sort of banter. If a girl is pretty, people are never going to forget she's a girl. I'm not coming on to every woman I meet, or every woman to me. My arrangement is fine.

Changing of roles will mean a diminishing of sexuality. Sex is flirtiness and domination. Well, maybe it will be different in foreplay, not diminished. I don't want to make a value judgement.



## Evelyn & Cecil

The Williams argued good naturedly on women's lib, the revolution and identity struggles in the living room of their house near Golden Gate Park. We went out back to Evelyn's garden for photos.

Cecil is minister of Glide Memorial Church. Evelyn works for the State Board of Compensatory Education. They have two children, a girl 7, and a boy, 5.

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Evelyn: The black woman is so busy now trying to become un-masculine, more feminine. I can remember having to make decisions for my father when I was a girl.

Cecil: Society demasculinates black men. Certain women maneuver the situation. They're strong, smart, and help the black man to his identity, self-reliance, confidence, stability.

When we were first married, you made much more money than I did. That hurt me. But you helped me become a man.

Evelyn is very independent. We've worked at this very hard. Earlier in our marriage you were much more involved in my work. Then the home became her thing. She became dependent here, on me.

Evelyn: About six months ago, Cecil was away one night, and I needed an escort to a party. I went with another man. People didn't recognize me, people who I'd had here for dinner, provided an evening for. Because I wasn't standing behind Cecil, they didn't recognize me.

I went into a deep depression. I thought, I have lost myself. I wanted to be Evelyn, not Mrs. Cecil Williams. I'd been baking bread and changing diapers, I'd lost my soul. I'd missed myself for years.

I'd let Cecil do the talking for me. So many women do. It's so bad for person-hood. As I began to get out and assert myself, keep my calendar going, I'd say to Cecil, look, man, I've got this going tonight. I think he's happier to know I've got my thing going.

These white women are denying themselves. In a lot of things they've already had, jobs, school, they're competing with black men. White women who are not the head of their families, or else, single, are making more than men, taking positions in the labor market.

We look at couples we know and analyze them. We say of a woman, "She really had to do this for him," or, "Why doesn't she keep her damn mouth shut and let him be a man." Every woman's job is to help the men become men.

Cecil: I'm not sure, Evelyn, finally. As someone says, We have to know who the enemy is. The enemy is the white man who is so roboticized. He may need freeing a lot more than some women.

The white young men I see at Glide, whose fathers just did not embrace them, do not know what it means to have feelings.

Evelyn: We black folks, our feelings, that's all we we've got.

Cecil: The white women are the most manipulated. Their minds are programmed and conditioned. They're victims of a cycle. They are put in a position, set apart by the white man, treated like they are plastic, or paper dolls, like they have no real blood in their veins. Then they're pushed into a strong competitive

market, vying for very minute things, with small significance.

Evelyn: You mean the sex mythology?

Cecil: Yes, the whole beauty pageant. The corporate executive, out there in suburbia, has his woman fooled, thinking she's the most important thing. But I'll tell you something, to him, money is.

Evelyn: The white woman is starving for life. Just starving. They're dying out there, with that volunteer work they do. I suppose if I hadn't been a black woman, if I had not struggled, no material suffering, if I looked around for a cause—and I'm not sarcastic—I would be in women's lib. I'm up to my neck in the black struggle, though.

Cecil: The power is with the white man. Where we ought to start, the women's lib and the gay lib and the chicanos and the asians, should all join, for two years spend a lot of time to free the white man.

Evelyn: That's a whole lot of time out of the black struggle.

Cecil: I said two years. The white woman can work out of her bedroom.

Evelyn: Make yourself clear, Cecil.

Cecil: Work where you are but bring it down hard. Free them, de-program that man. If he begins to be human, he can be human at the Bank of America. Put these Third World people on jobs.

White people need to emote. Most of what the whites have been involved in, images and symbols, are based on a false premise of what I call the human condition, which is very inhuman: they're taught to be rational. Me, I'm intuitive. First feelings first. When you think, you feel; when you feel, you think. Do what you intuit. That's creative.

Evelyn: That can be good or bad.

Cecil: I'll take that.

Evelyn: Cecil is a very strong father. He allows the children freedom.

Cecil: I'm probably too permissive.

Evelyn: Well, I wanted you to say that. When he comes home, it's a happy time for all.

Cecil: I feel like I've got something going for me now. This summer, in Africa, Evelyn and I came to grips with our identity struggle. The white young people are in quest of some kind of identity. They have not seriously engaged themselves. When women begin to love themselves, they can love men again. There's a hate thing in a woman's head when she hates men. It's because she hates herself.

Evelyn: I question how many in the woman's movement are lesbians.

Cecil: Oh, Evelyn, that's a very unhealthy statement. You're putting them down as lesbians.

Evelyn: No, I'm not.

Cecil: It sounded like that to me.

Evelyn: It's threatening to me, to my sexuality. We go to these stag balls, to judge contests, and when I see women dancing together, fondling, looking into each others' eyes...what if they would come up to me?

Cecil: Oh, you've been grabbed on before.

Evelyn: By men! Most women want to have a man be in command of them. I meant, how many of these women are anti-motherhood, or womanly things.

Cecil, I meant to have agreed with you all the way down the line.

Cecil: That would have been the old Evelyn.





## Joanne & Bruce

The Bruce Beasleys live and work in their imaginatively converted studio-home in West Oakland. Bruce, 31, is a sculptor in acrylics; Joanne, 30, is a photographer. As we sat in front of a fire, talking and drinking wine, Joanne sewed a 3D photograph she took of Bruce on to a crimson pillow as a Valentine's present for him.

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Bruce: Joanne and I spend more time together than most couples. We both live and work here.

Joanne: We do sort of have pretty structured--you can see how it is.

Bruce: We have a strong sense of role, things mine to do and Joanne's to do.

Joanne: He loves to cook but he thinks I should do the cooking. It's squaw's work.

Bruce: Our relationship is more structured than many. We find that friends, both male and female, express surprise, envy and anger at the way we handle certain things.

Joanne: If there's a conflict about something important, it's largely solved in Bruce's favor.

I don't consider it a lousy bargain. In general, I don't want to decide what car we'll buy or where we'll vacation. I like to be taken care of.

There are going to be conflicts between any two people living together. They've got to compromise.

Bruce: Cohabitation is a stressful relationship regardless of whether it's sexual or free of sex. Men have a subtle but quickly assumed role. Someone, an initiator, emerges, someone who automatically takes charge of a situation. Others are happy with this.

Our feelings are complicated about the issue of women's lib. We talk about it as a major current event of the world we live in.

Joanne: A lot of the anger in women's lib expressed towards men is really against the few alternatives presented, options to having children. We've spent a long time prolonging the decision, whether or not we'll have them. We find most people don't decide, but just have children. It's so much a part of what they've expected in life.

My twin sister has children, and girlfriends, too. They express the frustration of having other beings dependent on them. A lot of frustration is due to this. Not from lack of opportunity for jobs or other things to do.

Bruce: As you said it last night, much of the anger is perhaps misdirected resentment against being a mother. We've culturally not allowed resentment of children, so it is expressed against men.

Joanne: I don't want to sound like I'm anti-kids. I want very much to have them. In contemplating kids, I have to consider the amount of time they take. Our life in many ways is extremely ideal. We haven't really decided yet what we're going to do.

Bruce: I'm ambivalent about kids. They're a lot of fun, a lot of reward, a lot of trouble. It's a little difficult to see them fitting in.

I think the thing I find interesting about the Women's lib movement is the degree of expressed anger and hostility. There are several demands that are totally reasonable, like equal pay for equal work, government subsidized child-care centers. Things are changing so fast and have clearly not alleviated the anger level. Much more basic things are going on. Men and women are having trouble. We're having role problems. All this about men as masters and the women as slaves--I know as many men who are slaves to their wives as wives who are slaves to their husbands. Why not have people's liberation?

Joanne: Many wives run their husband's lives. "Let's go home, dear", you hear at a party. I'm forbidden to say that.

A few years ago, all you heard was about how women run everything. All this women's lib now may just be a plea for attention.

Bruce: When you analyze it, some issues are ridiculous. Women as sex objects--we're all treated as sex objects.

In the ad, if the woman wears the right cologne, she gets the guy with the long hair and a car. That makes me insecure about my hairline and my car.

And Playboy. The Playboy philosophy is so sad. It's a ridiculous dream. Men are more complicated about sex. Everyone is. Most men care a great deal about whether a woman gets pleasure or not.

A few years ago I hitch-hiked back and forth across the country. Men together talk a lot about sex. The standard thing that happens is you swap ego-boosting sex stories, not demeaning to women, but, How cool I am, and, How much tail I get. Those are just lies. Then you start telling real things that have happened. Then they start unburdening sad stories.

Men care about love, are hurt by love, have very complicated feelings about it. The how-many-ejaculations-a-month talk is bravado.

Joanne: The realest thing about women's lib is the fact that women are unhappy and frustrated. The issues are bunk, ridiculous. They know they're unhappy and don't know what they want. There's a real difference between what the issues are and the source of the unhappiness.

One thought I have is--there's a spirit abroad that things be relevant, activities be uplifting, not routine. It's a nice idea but contains a certain element of unrealism. There are things to do with daily life that are just no fun.

Photography is not all pleasurable. It's an awful lot of work for results. The same holds with making a marriage work. Part of the unhappiness comes from unrealistic expectations in life.

Bruce: Our whole society is going through change.

A lot of businessmen are abandoning their stressful work for a quiet, modest life. Women are demanding power positions of great influence and stress, while men are deciding maybe it's a crappy deal.

Joanne: We each have a certain amount of energy. Men don't divide their energies the way women do. The work of a man, the relationship of a man to his work, defines his existence. Unless a woman eschews the family, maybe not investing that energy in any relationship. Maybe because it's culturally expected or because women are willing to put more in a love relationship than a man.

Bruce: I think we give up a lot for that. You win more races if you run every day than if you run on Sundays. The energy commitment is a life gamble and you pay heavily. Boys are pushed to combat, to achieve. The most unhappy fellow is the one who can't burn "in the cold white light", if he's been taught that attitude. If he can't do it, he's totally lost, frustrated, unhappy, and self-doubting.

We're programming men to be driven. Rather than getting women to be tough or abrasive or competitive I think men could be much more tender, compassionate...

Joanne: With women and each other.

Bruce: Men have gotten very ridiculous taboos on how they are allowed to respond to each other. Men have to be strong and emotionally stoic. There are times I've seen a man in pain, and I want to go over and say, Man, you've just been screwed. I think a woman, as a stranger, could help in a hurtful situation. I carry it away as a hurt I have witnessed. In public I play by the rules of the game. I show more emotion at home than is culturally traditional.

I think the hippies have been a good influence. When I was in high school guys wanted to be tough. It was always, who's beating who up, male tough talk. Nowadays kids have a different image of themselves--to get along together; to be groovy rather than tough; to show forgiveness. They can say, Hey, look, man, Peace. This is changing things.

When it comes down to designing a sculpture, no one else in the world can help, but Joanne's reaction is important to me. If I thought a work was terrific and Joanne didn't, I'd feel we missed on that one.

Joanne is a great deal of help to me on all kinds of levels and supports me on the most basic thing of all, that I be happy with my work.

Joanne: I think we have it very, very good on that. I've learned to wait and make a decision on my work and then show Bruce. He's a pretty strong fellow and I don't like to get influenced.

Bruce: I do very different kind of sculpture than Joanne would do were she a sculptor; and she does different photography from what I would do. I try to see what she's after and what she's driving for. Stylistically we're very different. Joanne is a very fine photographer. I like and respect what she does. I enjoy and get ideas that are very complicated from her.

I like to take Joanne when I travel to lecture; I like to hear her feedback. I don't have an office to go to, to play my man game, but I don't look for chances to get away.

The only conflicts we have are timing of shows. I'm the one who brings in most of the money so my show is most important, in order that we continue our life.

I am honestly delighted when Joanne gets work and she is well received and I never thought she felt otherwise for me.

We are both excited and interested in our work. We like people but we like our work, so usually the work ends up winning.



## Marion & Hunt

The basement of the Conrad's Pacific Avenue home serves as the office for Marion Conrad Associates, her successful public relations firm. I talked to Marion at her desk, the conversation interrupted by phone calls and business. Hunt and I left and chatted leisurely over coffee in their handsome living room upstairs. Hunt, a former Kern County land executive, is now a government relations consultant in Sacramento.

The Conrad's have four children, twins and a daughter at home, and a son at boarding school.

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Marion: Hunt and I grew up together in San Mateo. I've been involved in journalism and public relations for 25 years. Our paths have gone very separately. As a widening of both our knowledge and scope, it helped.

For a long time, I had to be better than any other man in the field to gain acceptance. I think I still am.

I'm aggressive and competitive and I think most women haven't allowed themselves to be that. They're told they should be homemaking...

Hunt: Babysmaking.

Marion: Any person is more exciting, interesting, pledging himself to work as hard as he can. Even if we didn't need the money, I don't think in the kind of peripheral, do-gooding work, done in a sidelines way, either one of us would be content.

Women's lib has affected my work, though not directly. I've seen its effect on people in the office. I've had two women start to feel ready to assert themselves and their husbands to resent the success in their own world and interests. Instead of--as Hunt's always done--encouraging this, they've been threatened, they've yanked their wives out of the job, and the city. They're both divorced now.

I'm trying to point out the failure of the male to recognize a full woman as more of a companion, and a worthy one, instead of the woman figure they were seeking, which is a suppressed one.

We spend a lot of time with the children. Hunt is a playmate and friend more than caretaker.

Hunt: I can cook a good breakfast and keep the children alive when Marion is away.

Marion: I think we're very old fashioned as far as women's lib is concerned. It's really after our time. I have sympathy with it in general, more than my husband. I can understand that women can do something jackassy like picketing a bar. Hunt would only see the jackassy side.

Upstairs:

Hunt: I'm in Sacramento a lot. It's not the ideal situation, but the legislature is only in session six or seven months a year. I've been commuting, but when things get going, I'll spend Monday through Thursday up there.

Women's libbers have been up to Sacramento. I didn't notice them much. I don't know if I travel in the wrong circles. I was very much in favor of abortion reform laws, and childcare centers are fine.

I think I'm old-fashioned, in favor of the family. I don't think having children is the end of all things but I'm glad I have mine. I enjoy them. I've seen a lot of people that obviously didn't enjoy theirs very much.





## Merla & Fred

Both the Goerners work in their Presidio Terrace house. Merla writes the "My Fair City" column for The Chronicle. Fred is working on two books--the story of Colonel Ellis, the first spy for the Marine Corps; and his second book on Amelia Earhart, one of the "great women's lib heroines," as Merla put it.

He is also doing research for the "Feinstein Commission on Pornography."

Merla is founder and president of Singles Information Service, which evaluates health and dance studios, introduction services and rooming houses. The organization now has 3,000 members and will soon have national chapters.

This is the second marriage for both. Merla has a son, 18, in college, by her previous marriage to Stephen Zellerbach. Fred has a son, 11.

• • •

Merla: I'm very happy with my lot as a woman. I don't feel I have a secondary role as a wife. I've had advantages as a woman; I think the fact that I was a woman writing helped.

Most of the married women I know would rather stay home and cook than go out and work for a living. They are happy in their roles as wives, given an allowance, taken care of. The husband pays the insurance, repairs the car; all she has to do is get the food and cook the meals.

A lot of them have made their peace, have set their roles and are used to it. They realize that the man drives the car and makes the decisions. I personally like it.

It's hard to talk for others. I think most of the dissatisfaction comes from unmarried women. A single woman has to support herself. If I weren't married I'd feel different. I'd feel part of it, smoking grass and doing a lot of things the young are.

Fred: I don't think any woman is happy unless she has a happy marriage. The only successful marriages come from a balance of power. The woman cannot be totally subservient or turned off intellectually. She has to keep certain options, a way out, so she doesn't have to take shit in order to survive.

If I had a young daughter, I'd want her to have the security of doing something, if everything else went wrong. If she had a bad marriage, or a bad relationship broke up, I wouldn't want her to have to turn to the welfare system in this country.

I would want her to be able to support herself and the people she's responsible for. I wouldn't want her to be lost, helpless in a society that treats the lost and helpless the way *purs* does.

It's a better idea for women to have the option of childcare centers, but I'm not necessarily in favor of hundreds of thousands of them. Parents have shucked their responsibility as far as their children are concerned, how the kids feel, what they think.

Merla: I hated to take care of my kid. It was a drag, a bore.

Fred: You don't mean spending time with him was.

Merla: No, the menial stuff, changing diapers. I was fortunate to have someone to help. I would have eaten spaghetti for six months to afford that. I needed to get out of the house, to get away and become a person.



I think a lot of the women's movement is great. The feminine revolution has gotten to The Chronicle. They're really trying to do something. They hired a few women reporters. Of course, equal pay for equal work is logical.

Fred: I think we ought to get away from the idea of a married name. It comes from the time when women were chattel.

Merla: I agree. A woman ought to keep her maiden name. This social thing, every time you get married you change your name--I would have liked to have kept my maiden name, who I was, my friends, my identity.

Fred: Women liberationists who get the ink are out to aggrandize their own egos, seeking their identities. I mean the ones who want to see their puss on TV, who get the press to show up at a demonstration. We live in a society that is oriented to the instant celebrity. A certain amount of publicity is necessary, but beyond that, it denigrates, destroys, and creates a reactionism.

Those who seek publicity choose the glamour issues. There is terrible discrimination in business, in the educational institutions; these are areas where the focus should be placed now.

I was in broadcasting for many years. Until seven or eight years ago, women in TV became weather girls, in newspaper reporting they were relegated to column-

ist or sob sister. Now women are general reporters on the war front. Why not send a woman out? She's capable and so proved. These are the women who have opened the doors.

Barriers of stupidity have simply grown up, not by a conspiracy of men, rather a conspiracy of a lack of thinking. Until something is pointed out, many people accept it. It's an inertia. Take civil rights. Our military was entirely segregated until recently.

Persons of intelligence, who are not past a certain age and locked into a pattern, who are of good will, will change. You are going to have difficulty with the women with great faces and beautiful bodies who are using their beautiful faces and great bodies, using their foremost weapon.

Merla: I have met women in journalism who are successful who don't care about the women's movement. Take any successful woman, If I did it, why shouldn't so and so, nobody helped me, they say. Unless you get a compassionate, thinking woman. People are selfish.

Fred: The great American opportunity. It's human nature to say, Look, I made it. You'll have to change human nature.

Where the women's lib is missing the mark is the tough problems, the root of exploitation, the miserable, utterly despicable, destroying influence of women in pornographic films.

I'm doing research now on pornographic films in San Francisco. I saw a film recently which opens with a girl on a divan, nude, thrusting a coke bottle in her vagina, saying, "Where are all you rapists when I need you?"

Three guys come in and subject her to sodomy, oral copulation and then ejaculate upon her face and body. This I consider to be based on the total degradation of the female.

Seven to fifteen thousand men in San Francisco a day are being serviced in this way. Men want to see these women sodomized, ejaculated upon, tortured and raped. There is a whole generation of men who have sex hangups and who hate women because they are ugly, impotent, and unable to establish communication.

This horrible denigration of women results in anti-social behavior. Last week I went down to the Sex Crimes Detail and went through the files for the last two years. 75% of vicious rape crimes are committed by 17-24 year old males in San Francisco.

If women's lib wanted to do something, they should go down and chagrin these men, form lines and spit on every man there.

Merla: I don't think you literally mean spit.

Fred: I absolutely do.

Merla: Do two wrongs make a right?

Fred: Well, then vocally spitting. Why don't women address themselves to this?

Merla: It's funny. When we have arguments, he shouts and I cry.

Fred: She's using her weapon and I'm using mine.

Merla: But it isn't a weapon.

Fred: My voice is loud. It's the most effective weapon I have. I know it, I despise myself for using it.

Merla: Sometimes I get so mad I think of sneaking off and taking judo.

Fred: Sometimes I get so mad I wish it were acceptable to plant one on a woman.

## Louise & Charles

Mrs. Charles Garry, alone in her Daly City home, talked about her pro-lib feelings in light of her marriage of 38 years. We telephoned her husband in New Haven, Connecticut, where he is the chief defense attorney in the Bobby Seale trial.

• • •

Mrs. Garry: I've been a silent partner right straight through. I'm with Charlie on every case, no question. The case comes first. The house and family are devoted to the case.

He's worked seven days a week, no vacation, in the 38 years we've been married. On our anniversary he left for New Haven. He came in at midnight, and I got him off to the airport at 7:30 the next morning. He calls up once a week, every Sunday, and sometimes more often.

I did an awful lot of entertaining for 25 years. Entertaining built the business. Judges, lawyers, people from New York to Hawaii, Canada to Mexico. 120 people in 10 days time. I never did have any help. I'd be there, but just as a utility, you know? Charlie always had the spotlight. And held the spotlight.

I was exhausted all the time. Finally, I went on strike. I told Charlie I wasn't going to cook any more meals for anyone. This brought him into his hobby of cooking. He turned out to be a terrific cook. When he took up cooking we got a dishwasher. He does all kinds of things around the house with water, the lawn, the plants, the dishes. Water things. He's Pisces.

Some things he'd ask me about, like the Panthers. I told him, there's some reason you've been held. This is your destiny, the reason you took the law is this. This is the real cause. All the minority groups together, not just the blacks. It took all this time.

I stay out of things as much as I can, but when the Panthers started having meetings over here I just couldn't help it. I know Bobby Seale real well. Bobby's a beautiful person, through and through, they all are.

Nothing turned the racists on as much as the Panther cases. It shows the racism and the violence of the North. I've been staying up 'til 4 every morning taking the threat calls. They call every night. I did when Charlie was home, too, so he could get some sleep.

We got a backlash on Los Siete case. The police would delight in persecuting Charles Garry's wife ever since the Los Siete were acquitted.

We've been robbed several times, and people come to the door at night. I used to stand outside the house and wait for Charlie to come home. I held a flashlight this big (three feet) and poke around in the bushes outside and wait for him to come, get him into the garage, stand between him and a bullet.

Inside, I'd keep him away from the windows. You don't tell Charlie what to do, you just maneuver it. You don't tell Charlie anything. He's pretty headstrong. I worry about Charlie's safety. I'm scared to death of Chicago, not of Connecticut, though.

We were kids in the Depression. We were in the cleaning business. I told Charlie, this is nothing for you to be in. So I ran the cleaning shop while he went to law school at night.

I stayed in the cleaning industry while he went in to the army. I wanted to volunteer, but he wanted me to stay at home. We were kids and times were different.

If I were 20 now I'd educate myself and put my education into action. I don't even know if I'd marry young. I'd go in for oceanography. That's a coming field.

Women lawyers are still resented. This is a field to pioneer. Sex doesn't mean anything. Everyone is born with the same brain. Charlie could have been a pants presser and I could have been a lawyer. He's a little more diplomatic, though.

Women have got to get in there and do something, within the system. Get a whole bunch of women together. They really are more forceful than men. Women have more votes. They're laying there dormant.

I'm thinking about going and taking a public speaking course. Speakers are always needed. I'd tell women about fascism and the camps, the 39 brand new prisons out in Arizona, where nobody sees them, for the blacks and the students and people like Charlie and me. Like Bobby says, the time is now.

At home he used to cut me off. He's learned since women's lib. He admits he's chauvinist. But he's been very attentive, very kind. Everyone has his idiosyncracies. It's been a pretty lonely marriage.

• • •

Charles Garry: With clients laying in the Bastille without being brought to trial, I'm not interested in the personal aspects of this thing, whether or not my wife is happy or unhappy.

This is not the time to worry about your own personal welfare, though little details like home life are nice and pleasant.

Women can help by being themselves, without pulling their punches. There's tremendous potential in the women's movement. It would be presumptuous of me to tell the women's movement what to do.

I don't tell the Panthers. Too damn much of that shit going on. Women have got to do their own things, make their own mistakes, redeem themselves.

The women's lib movement has to get into working class women. Too much of the movement has been geared to the white bourgeoisie or the professional class. When it gets down to the millions of women workers, it will change the concept of our society.

Look, I believe in socialism. Capitalism has to be destroyed. The only way you can do it is by organizing as the Panthers have done, in coalitions, going in to the black and brown ghettos of America, demanding equal pay and equal opportunities and equal dignity.

The people have to overthrow capitalism. Some microbe isn't going to do it and some test tube isn't.

With people dying, going to prison, being fucked up badly, I don't have the desire to discuss personal life.



# Let's end the charade and call the PUC the Railway and Warehouse Commission

Continued from page 5

A portrait of the likes of Edward L. Blincoe may never grace the cover of your telephone book. But he is the man who got Pacific Telephone to list multi-message unit calls on your monthly phone bills, without which, of course, one could never protest an incorrect billing.

And Michael Peevey, a non-attorney who is research director of the California AFL-CIO, one day cross examined a PG&E witness on wage increases to get on the record the fact that labor productivity increased at a faster rate than wages. PG&E somehow neglected to mention productivity in its direct testimony on labor costs.

These are the kinds of things that will be lost if the Commission weeds out the non-lawyers in the interests of "streamlining."

## Vukasin crumbles

There is evidence that Goldwater's hero Vukasin is crumbling in his enthusiasm for these rules changes in light of criticism from the press--most notably the Los Angeles Times and the McClatchy Newspapers--and from the California Legislature.

Vukasin, as most everybody

on the fifth floor at the McAllister Street offices has noted, is even spending more time at work since the press focused on him. He used to be known as a part-time commissioner, not a bad job at \$31,000-per year.

Last month he even paid fence-mending calls on the editorial writers of The Chronicle, Examiner, Los Angeles Times, Sacramento Union and Sacramento Bee.

The proposed rules changes--which probably will be before the full commission in March or thereabouts--bear Vukasin's signature under a recommendation for adoption.

## Position shift

Since the heat, however, he has shifted his position to say he was merely throwing the proposals into the public arena for discussion and revision.

Vukasin's "staff rotation" plan has drawn as much or more criticism as the rules changes. It involves shifting some 300 experts (of a staff of about 800) into new jobs to create "depth" in the Commission.

Trouble is, in the arcane field of utility regulation an expert

who talks the language of telephone rate separations (or anything else) becomes an amateur in any other field. There are no generalists in utility regulation.

Critical legislators are falling all over themselves to hold hearings on the rules changes and staff rotation.

## Public relations

For a man who won his bachelor's degree in public relations (at UC Berkeley in 1950) Chairman Vukasin must have missed some lessons.

When Gov. Reagan was proclaiming "cut, trim and squeeze" last fall, Vukasin was having his office redone. There was a new \$459 conference table which demanded new chairs (\$834) and sofa (\$265). Add a desk chair, \$205.

Vukasin then installed a mobile telephone in his state car which, incidentally, is driven for him by a young man named Ernest Hendricks whom the state pays \$480 per month to be a clerk in the Commission's duplicating office.

Vukasin told the Los Angeles Times that the redecorating was initiated well before he became

The San Francisco Bay Guardian February 26, 1971 page 11  
president of the Commission last July.

The State's General Services Department will tell you, however, that the furniture purchase orders are all dated in November 1970.

## One independent

The Commission stands four out of four now with Reagan appointees. There is a fifth seat, vacant since Dec. 31, that the governor will fill soon, but it will be meaningless in terms of power balance. The only commissioner who has exhibited any independence of the present four is Thomas Moran, a San Diego attorney.

Moran has written some stinging dissents, most notably when the Commission decided to allow Pacific Telephone to claim accelerated depreciation for federal income tax purposes.

Pacific had shunned the option, available since the 1950's, because at the time the tax savings would go to the ratepayers' benefit. But when Ma Bell lobbied a change in federal tax law to permit utilities to hold the tax savings as an investment pool, Pacific broke down the doors to apply--successfully.

"The majority decision is outrageous," protested Moran. "Pacific Telephone will collect from California subscribers a bonus of more than \$700 million during the next 10 years."

Vukasin and Reagan's other two commissioners were not the least outraged. It was suggested--not entirely kindly--that they did not know what they were signing. They are two loyal, but out of work, former legislators, William Symons Jr. and Vernon L. Sturgeon, onetime Republican state senators who were reapportioned

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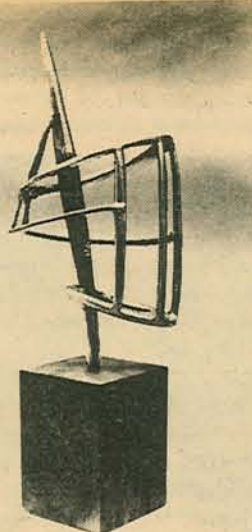


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**EDISON UNO:** the most outspoken Grand Juror since Henry North exposed Candlestick Park in 1958. Uno...41...Assistant Dean of Students at the University of California Medical Center...a Japanese American who was interned with his parents for four and a half years during WWII...lives at 515 9th Ave.

By Peter Petrakis and Bruce Brugmann

**GUARDIAN:** In the Guardian of Dec. 24, 1968, we said: "San Francisco's Grand Juries no more represent a cross-section of this city than do the board of directors of the Bank of America or the afternoon clientele of the steam room at the Olympic Club. A Guardian investigation into the composition and complexion of the city's Grand Jurors from 1960 to 1968 shows that they are grossly discriminatory and unrepresentative, economically, socially and ethnically." Do you think this is still the case?

**UNO:** Definitely. I think you hit it right on the head. Except you missed sex.

**G:** How was the composition of this year's Grand Jury reflected in its recommendations and actions?

**U:** It followed the pattern that you had found in your early investigation. I will say this much, however. I think this past Grand Jury made some progress--on the Muni Railway, the controller and treasurer's office, redevelopment and the Health Department. But the Jury did not come out against jail conditions. It did not come out against the court system.

**G:** What was it like being the Grand Jury "maverick"?

**U:** Well, it was very frustrating, when you consider that this past year's jury had only two minority members out of 19 people. I was the only one who represented an ethnic minority. No blacks, no poor people, no young people. Only one woman.

The Grand Jurors were a very fine group of people, but their attitudes, as I observed them, were that they had been given a tremendous "honor." I looked at Grand Jury duty differently, as an instrument of participatory democracy where as one individual I might do something to improve the lot of the average San Franciscan.

**G:** In other words, to fulfill the original function of the Grand Jury.

**U:** Right. And when you have those ideals, in contrast to notions of "prestige," then you have conflict. That conflict took the form of "He who wants to rock the boat is out of step." On many decisions the voting was 18 to 1, or maybe 15 to 3.

**G:** The Grand Jury has two functions: The investigatory, or "watchdog" function over city departments, and the criminal indictment function. Let's discuss each of them in turn.

**U:** What has been referred to as the "conscience of the community" aspect of the Grand Jury's function is--I'd hate to call it a farce, but I must, for lack of a better term. Each member of the Grand Jury is made a chairman of one important committee, and he functions with two other fellow jurors to investigate a department.

The investigation takes place, theoretically, all year long. The investigation is done on your own time. You have no investigative staff. You have no expertise in the particular area you have been assigned. You don't know what you're looking for, because you're an amateur, and you're dealing with professionals who have been in the field for a long time and know how to answer and field questions.

The customary practice is for you to make an appointment with a department head. He'll be very nice, and give you an hour of his time, tell you what his problems are, how his department has grown, what their department is doing. Maybe he'll give you last year's report. It's all very pleasant--this exchange of information.

You have entre into almost any facility within the jurisdiction of your committee--the Muni, the water department, schools. They are very cooperative. They will answer all your questions. They will dig out statistical material or anything else.

But from a very realistic standpoint, you just don't have time to do the work thoroughly. You are really pressed for time, you have a deadline to meet. You look back at last year's report and see what they said.

You look at the annual reports from the department's and see what they said, and you make some personal observations and try to draw a conclusion. Then you try to get your fellow committee members together to write a report. These reports are then sub-

mitted to the full jury for ratification, and normally the ratification is pretty routine.

**G:** What part of your report came under question?

**U:** The part about the growing lack of confidence in City Hall, on the part of large numbers of people, and the critical tone of the report.

**G:** What sort of things did you have in mind?

**U:** The fiscal problems of the city, problems of crime, of welfare, of education, housing--all these social problems which are common to all cities. My point was that the average citizen in San Francisco is being short-changed because the big interests, the corporate interests, the special interests, are getting more for their dollars from City Hall than the average citizen.

We have seen our taxes go up, living costs go up, The Muni fare went from 15 cents, to 20 cents, to 25 cents. Parking has gone up. Garbage collection rates have gone up 30%. Add all this up, plus the sales tax, plus the property tax. The bite is being put on the little man who can't afford it.

**G:** You mentioned the corporate interests. In what way do you feel that the corporate interests have benefited more than the ordinary citizen?

**U:** On a clear day, just look downtown at the sky line. Drive across the bridge at night and look at the neon signs and the lights of the tall office buildings over 25 stories high. Look at the high rise apartments that are going into the Western Addition. Look at the condominiums. Look at the Fontana. Look at the huge apartments on Nob Hill and Russian Hill.

The average person cannot live in such places. We are catering to a very exclusive clientele. Show me the average man who can live down in the Golden Gateway. There are a lot of old time San Franciscans who just don't like to go downtown anymore. It's too congested, too expensive. It's filled with office buildings.

**G:** Nor does it make money. Does any special committee of the Grand Jury have the responsibility to investigate the things you have enumerated?

**U:** That would be the committee studying redevelopment.

**G:** We mentioned in our story of two years ago that "the Grand Jury churned up familiar terrain...It condemned welfare chiselers, supported freeways, touted' skyscrapers, lauded the police and fire departments, and ignored all kinds of basic city problems." Is this the same thing today?

**U:** Yes, these are the kinds of things the Grand Jury should be investigating. I don't think we would have a Candlestick Park, or an Embarcadero Freeway, or the dislocation of people caused by redevelopment, if the Grand Jury, and the elected officials were really concerned with what was happening to our city.

The things that I have said, and the things that I have criticized, are the same things that the people who are now in office said at the time they were running for office. I guarantee you, that if you went back and checked the record, Mr. Alioto was saying "We've gotta roll back the taxes. We've gotta do this. We've gotta do that."

**G:** Your surprise visit to the county jail made a lot of news. How did your fellow Grand Jurors react?

**U:** I was reprimanded because I did not follow protocol. But I knew that if I had followed protocol, the question of conditions in the county jail would have died within the chambers of the Grand Jury. I didn't do what they accused me of--"grandstanding."

I pointed out that the 209 prisoners who had signed a petition listing a number of grievances were being totally ignored. Just a week before there had been a

## How can you be a grand juror? the cop asked Ed Uno.



prison riot in New York, and I didn't want a similar thing happening here in San Francisco. I felt it was incumbent on me to go see the truth.

It was a valuable experience, and I hope that future Grand Jurors will do the same kind of thing--not only in the jail, but in the county hospital, in the welfare offices, in the office of the board of supervisors. I've been in the supervisors offices during the noon hour and found only one person there to answer three phones that were ringing.

To a citizen many of these things are very offensive. I had a very bitter experience in front of city hall where a policeman became very belligerent with me. We almost had a confrontation. I drove up one night early in April to the parking area reserved for Grand Jurors.

This policeman saw me drive up and he waved me off, saying "You can't park there." I said, "Sir, I'm a member of the Grand Jury." He looked at me and said, "Oh no you're not. Don't try and fool me", or words to that effect. I was going to show him my identification, but he said, "Get the hell out of here. You're not a member of the Grand Jury. We know all the members."

**G:** Did you get his name or badge number?

**U:** Oh, sure. As I got out of the car, he came up to me and at this point I said, "What is your badge number?" He was close enough so that I could see his badge number, and I wrote it down.

He then began to realize that he had made a mistake, because he knew the average citizen wouldn't bluff him in that way. So, he looked at my card and saw that I had a Grand Jury pass. I said, "Sir, it's very impolite of you to wave me off that way." He said, "Well, you don't look like a Grand Juror." I said, "I've been coming here every Monday night. Whether I look like one or not, I would hate to think that you approach any citizen or any visitor who comes to San Francisco in the manner you did."

He wasn't even apologetic about it. I told him, "You'll hear about it. I have your badge number."

Well, as soon as I got into the City Hall, I quickly wrote down the exact words that he had used and documented the whole thing. That evening I wrote a letter to the Police Commission, the Chief of Police, the Mayor, the Board of Supervisors --to everybody and his brother.

I received a letter from the Chief, saying the matter was under investigation, a letter from Mrs. Feinstein, saying it was under investigation and that she had assurances from the Chief that everything would be done to look into the matter.

About a week later a Lt. Shaughnessy came to see me at my office. "I'm here investigating the incident you reported."

I asked him, "Have you talked to the officer?" "Yes, he's confirmed everything you said in your letter of complaint." I said, "Then there's no question that he was wrong."

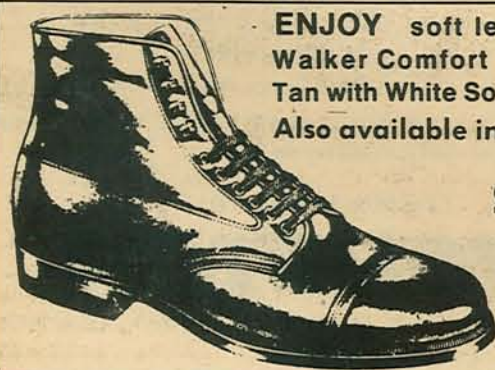
He said, "Well, you have to understand that, you know, you really don't look like a Grand Juror. First of all you're Oriental. What kind of car do you have?" I said I have a '63 Rambler. Well, he said, Grand Jurors usually have large cars--Buicks, Cadillacs--late model cars. And he said, "And you have long hair, don't you?" I said, "Yes, my sideburns are a little long."

He said, "Well, the average Grand Juror doesn't have hair like that. How old are you?" I said, "Forty-one." "Well," he said, "The average Grand Juror is considerably older. And you weren't wearing a tie, were you?"

I said, "No, I was wearing a turtleneck. I never wear a tie." And he said, "Well, you can't blame that officer for not believing you were a Grand Juror, because, look, you don't have a recent model car, you're young, you have long hair, and you don't wear a necktie. What other conclusion could he have that you were not a member of the Grand Jury?"

I said, "Lieutenant, I have a great respect for police officers. My brother was a Sergeant in the Los Angeles Police Department for 22 years. He was the first Japanese-American to serve in the Metropolitan Police Department."

"I almost became a police officer myself. I know what a good police officer is. How can you expect the public to have any respect for that blue uniform and



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# You are Oriental, you don't have a big Cadillac, you have long hair and you don't wear a necktie.

badge you wear, when you do good work and it takes just one 'pig' to mess up your image?"

G: What was his reaction?

U: His reaction, after he found out I was very sincere, that my brother was a police officer, that I wasn't a radical or anti-police, was "You have a point there. The job is becoming difficult because of our image."

To this day, and this was back at least seven months, I have not received a written report as to the disposition of my complaint.

G: This incident is certainly consistent with the theme of your Grand Jury report on the insensitivity of City Hall.

U: Right. If this happened to me, as a member of the Grand Jury, imagine what happens to the poor individual who doesn't have this status.

G: What happened when you mentioned this to the rest of the Grand Jury?

U: After I had reported the incident to the various officials and nothing had happened, I got the message from the Grand Jurors. It was, "Why go through all of this when nothing is going to happen? It's just an exercise in futility." Even though it was brought up, and a copy of my complaint had gone to the foreman, nothing was done.

G: Then the reaction of the Grand Jury was in effect, "You can't fight City Hall."

U: That's right. I'm speculating now, but I am wondering what would have happened to some other Grand Juror who happened to be white. Maybe they would have done something and gotten instant results. I don't know. I got the feeling that "If we don't say anything, as a quiet Asian, Ed's just going to let things slide, and we can soon forget about it."

G: This incident wasn't taken into account in the Grand Jury's report on the Police Department?

U: No.

G: What about similar incidents between police and the community? Were they taken up by the committee that studied the Police Department?

U: You know, even my well-publicized, unexpected visit to the county jail was not even referred to in the jail report.

G: What other reports were you critical of?

U: I was fortunate in having some inputs into the report on the court system. We ended up recommending that the court system study the possibility of having night courts, as other cities have done, to help working people and reduce the backlog of court cases.

I would have liked to have made some suggestions as to who composes the sheriff's posse, how it is selected, what do they do, how are they paid.

I would have liked to have made an inquiry into the coroner's jury, how is the jury selected, do they investigate questionable homicides, especially when minority persons such as blacks are shot down.

Does the coroner give it a rubber stamp and say "justifiable homicide?" Or are they investigated to the fullest extent possible? These are areas where it is so easy to cover up. How many prisoners die in jail? They tell me no prisoners die in jail. They are always delivered out to General Hospital, dead on arrival.

G: There's no machinery for assessing each case?

U: It could happen to you. Someone could die in the jail and nobody would know under what circumstances.

I had enough trouble trying to get my own report through. If I made too many waves with other people's reports, they would retaliate by ripping my report apart so badly that you wouldn't recognize it.

G: Is that a big problem on the Grand Jury--where people go easy on other people's reports in order to protect their own?

U: Well, that's just human nature. Before my report came along there must have been a dozen reports that were automatically approved and adopted. I thought, "Beautiful! If that's the way it's going to

work, no sweat. Just put it up there and they'll approve it."

So I didn't make too many suggestions, other than the one about the courts and those three suggestions in the police report. But these were reasonable requests, ones that were not revolutionary or radical, and which would not upset the chairman or the committeemen.

I think they saw I was sincere and was making positive suggestions. There's a sort of unwritten rule that "You do your thing, and I'll do mine."

G: Were any of the Grand Jury committees entertained by any of the city agencies they were investigating?

U: The only one I know about is the three day junket the jurors took up to Hetch Hetchy in Yosemite National Park.

G: The whole Grand Jury?

U: Right. The whole Grand Jury, the court attaches and the judges themselves.

G: What is the purpose behind that junket? I could understand the utilities committee going there because it's in line with their function. That would be official business. Why bring the whole grand jury, the court attaches and the judges along on something that is properly the concern of the Grand Jury utilities committee?

U: Well, this is a "fringe benefit."

G: What goes on up at Hetch Hetchy?

U: I don't know. I didn't go. But I heard they had a pretty good time. Excellent food, drinking, good fellowship, fresh air, beautiful scenery. It was a real nice vacation, so I heard.

G: Who paid for the food and the drinks?

U: The city pays for the transportation, the food and lodging. The jurors have to provide for their liquor. Each juror was assessed for the beverages.

G: What did the liquor bill come to for each juror?

U: I believe it was in excess of \$20 per juror.

G: Let's see. They were up there for three days and there was \$20 per juror. That would buy 3 or 4 fifths of whiskey, or 2 fifths of real good whiskey for each guest, over the three-day period. It sounds like a pretty hard-drinking Grand Jury. How many city officials were involved with the Grand Jury in this expedition?

U: Oh, I don't know. I think maybe 8 or 10.

G: Is this traditional? I wonder if there is a whole series of junkets to Hetch Hetchy for other city officials besides the Grand Jury?

U: Yes, I think so. I've heard they even have a full-time cook up there, and a system of reservations for the facilities.

G: Do you think this junketeering to Hetch Hetchy has any influence on the report the Grand Jury makes on the Public Utilities Commission?

U: I think this sort of thing would make it difficult to write a critical report on the Hetch Hetchy project--when the target of the investigation is providing you with a paid vacation.

G: Let's talk about the Grand Jury's function of bringing in criminal indictments.

U: I think it's becoming public knowledge that in this aspect the Grand Jury is truly a rubber stamp. I think we heard 140 cases. We returned 139 indictments. We only turned down one, which I think clearly shows we were a rubber stamp. It's all so prearranged, and so one-sided and it's almost a mechanical function.

G: Why did they bring 140 to you instead of just going ahead and prosecuting? Did they have to bring them to you?

U: No. You see, the whole criminal indictment procedure is just a short circuit. Instead of going to the municipal court and having a preliminary hearing, selection of attorneys, legal argument and all that, the prosecutor can use the Grand Jury indictment procedure to go directly into Superior Court. It makes it easier for the prosecutor. There's no argument from the defense. In fact, we never see the accused. There is no cross examination. It's all very one-sided.

G: Is there anything that precludes the Grand Jury investigating itself, or the criminal indictment system, or the court system?

U: I don't think so. I think we have an obligation to look at the whole system of criminal justice and the Grand Jury system itself. I recall saying to my fellow Grand Jurors, "We should investigate ourselves before we investigate any other department. People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones." I even made a formal proposal back in August that we write a report on ourselves before doing any other reports.

G: Did you get any support with that proposal.

U: The foreman, Raymond Hackett, thought it was a good suggestion, but it never got off the ground.

G: The implication of all you've said is that the Grand Jury lacks guts. Is that just this year's Grand Jury, or do you include the previous juries?

U: I think it's a tradition in the Grand Jury. I think a famous quotation is appropriate here: "All that is necessary for evil to triumph is for good men to do nothing." If the Grand Jury had that kind of a spirit it would be magnificent. I would like to see all 19 Grand Jurors do some of the things I did.

Imagine 19 individual surprise visits to the county jail, health department, police department, Muni car barn! Or several Grand Jurors walking out when the district attorney brings in a fragile case for indictment. Or having a Grand Jury with the guts to say, the whole truth, nothing but the truth.

## Here they are, folks!



Your 1970 grand jury investigating Hetch Hetchy

Ten members of the Grand Jury, a judge and five members of the PUC staff pose outside the city's VIP Hetch Hetchy lodge in Yosemite National Park. The three day weekend trip cost the PUC \$1,600. Back row (standing, left to right): Jim Leonard (PUC P.R. man), Howard Grant (Hetch Hetchy engineer), George Livermore (GJ), unidentified, Mike Tamany, Gene Cervelli (GJ), Oral Moore (Hetch Hetchy gen. mgr.), Superior Court Bailiff, Harry Green (GJ), William Flynn (GJ), William Welsh (GJ), William Greene (GJ), Bob Baldocchi (Court reporter), Rudolph Arfsten (GJ), Rino Bei (HH engineer), Wesley F. Getts (HH engineer). Front row (from left): Gary Hegre (HH employee), Gustav Knecht (GJ), Carl Allen (Superior Court Judge), Hrant Avakian (GJ), George Sanderson (GJ). (See editorial, p. 20.)



# The intern strike at SF general hospital —

## Was it 'unprofessional' or was it 'the first professional thing the interns ever did?'

By Marie Guillemin and  
Chester Hartman

Why did interns strike at San Francisco General Hospital? In their list of 110 grievances and demands, the interns gave plenty of reasons:

\*The Hospital often runs out of routine supplies as well as vital material such as x-ray film and penicillin...

\*Patients must wait three to five hours for emergency tests and x-rays, a week or longer for scheduled procedures...

\*Medical records get lost because of personnel shortages and mismanagement...

\*The gynecology service has had a staff cutback although there are more than twice as many patients this year as last.

On and on the list goes: as we go to press, a young mother reports that her baby died after the hospital refused to treat her baby.

Even the city's assistant public health director calls the Hospital "a wreck." Nearly everyone agrees things there are bad, yet no change comes. Certainly, the four day strike produced no change, except a crash cleaning job and the replacement of plastic knives and forks with tin silverware.

The really interesting questions are why the strike failed, and how change might come

about. We spent several days at the Hospital talking with people to get some answers.

The interns feel outrage -- in part because they see more of the Hospital than most others, in part because they are idealistic and represent the first FSM generation of interns.

They demand the Hospital give its patients -- all poor, black, brown, yellow and often alcoholic -- first rate medical care, with dignity.

But they are also one-year transients in the Hospital. They are inexperienced at organizing and running a strike. They work 80-100 hours a week. And although they call themselves "slaves", they are also middle-class "doctors" with background, status and future which places them well apart from other workers in the Hospital.

Most of all, they are vulnerable to pressure -- from their professors, chiefs of service and Hospital administrators. They were threatened with firing, loss of residencies, endangering their future careers, and after a few days they broke ranks and gave in.

As one intern put it, becoming a doctor is "a career ego trip that most of us have had

ever since we were kids", and a large number just weren't about to risk blowing it. The Hospital and UC Medical School, which appoints the interns, used all the strike-breaking tactics of old-time factory owners.

They called in outside assistance, transferred interns from other U.C. affiliated hospitals and tried to give the public the impression that the interns were expendable.

Many others at the Hospital feel powerless and apathetic. The nurse who showed us a dead cockroach and a wheel chair that sells as an antique on upper Grant Ave. wants to go home after work where she holds another job: housewife. Lower level male employees do work which leads nowhere; for many it's a second job.

The unions which represent most of the Hospital workers are more interested in "bread and butter issues" than medical care. The interns didn't give them enough advance notice anyway, and so gave them an excuse to ignore the strike.

The Workers Defense Committee at the Hospital attempted a coalition with the interns and the Centro de Salud free clinic. Their expanded demands had to do with job security, hiring and upgrading of Third World workers, translators and patient advocates. The administration refused to recognize the coalition. A large proportion of the workers are civil service "temporaries" and fear losing their jobs if they take militant action. The system also saves the Hospital a

good deal of money.

U.C. seems to be primarily interested in teaching and research, with patient care a poor third in its priorities. The City, the interns feel, is no more interested in caring for the poor who use the Hospital.

Although the Hospital's costs rise each year, the City's contribution has remained fairly constant; grants and medical care programs make up the difference.

What about the future? The interns are still active. The strike co-chairmen were reelected at a recent meeting. They wrote the Hospital Administration stating they had ended their strike because of intimidation, not because they had dropped their demands or because of the Hospital's few feeble promises for reform.

They plan further direct work actions to correct specific grievances, a possible law suit on behalf of patients to improve medical care, communication with next year's intern group and perhaps another strike in the Spring.

Their leadership also realizes the need for alliances if change is to come about. Sixty out of 2,400 employees aligned against a major medical-university-municipal bureaucracy is a losing proposition.

The "new breed" of doctor is very different from the arrogant, class-conscious interns of 10, 5, even 2 years ago. But they are still a well-defined part of the Hospital's and profession's rigid pecking order.

The older doctors, those with power at the Hospital and Medical School, are frightened by the ideas, actions and appearances of the newcomers. The newcomers aren't really sure where their allegiances lie.

Was their strike and attempt at alliance "unprofessional" as their superiors claimed? Or was the strike, as one nurse put it, "the first professional thing they had ever done"?

San Francisco General Hospital, it is important to realize, is no aberration. Similar and worse conditions exist at municipal hospitals across the country and with medical care in general.

The problem is the profit system in medicine, a \$62 billion a year industry. It is the AMA, which has opposed free polio vaccine, Red Cross blood banks and national health insurance.

It is a system which, despite our affluence and technology, leaves us 18th in the world in infant mortality rates. San Francisco General Hospital is only a symptom of the American Disease.

### Eddie Heider

Continued from page 15

erable people, there's no way in the world you can correct yourself but take it with you.

A mayor like that, he calls himself a Catholic, he may be a Catholic, but he's not living like a Catholic. You don't hurt poor people, when you hurt poor people you're condemned to go somewhere.

You know, if I'd known the lawyers before, I would have been in that hotel yet, and they never would have tore it down. Because I don't care, let them tear everything down, but find a place for the people to sleep before you tear them down. Don't put people in the street. Why didn't they leave that

alone the way it was? Big business, big business grabbing the land for their own use. They can't fool me one bit. You know what they told me? Don't go to city hall, you can't fight city hall. I'm not going to city hall to beat city hall, I'm going to city hall to get my justice.

People don't realize. We're supposed to be so far advanced right now. So far as I'm concerned, all the years I been here, we're going backwards. Going back to the stone age like cannibals.

And if those guys don't wise up - Alioto and Reagan and them - there's going to be a revolution in this country in the next five years. You know, if you're a lion, and you can back a little mouse way into the corner - you can push him back and back. But when he finally can't go back anymore, he's going to fight and scratch. That's what's going to happen here.

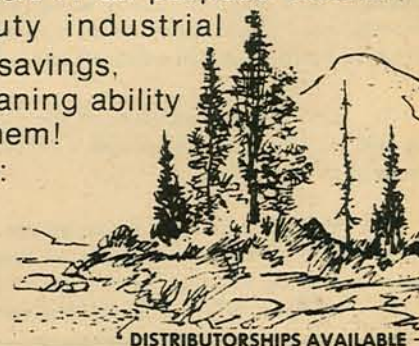
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*He has the same reaction to both species of publication because the underground paper is the mirror image of your ordinary metropolitan daily. True, the short-haired press is less lurid. Its older readers prefer dots in the middle of their four-letter words and a bit of cloth on their naked girls.*

*But the formula for both is the same: sex, crime, gossip, bad writing, inaccuracy, standardized thrills and spills for readers who're*

*presumed to be idiots. Above and below ground, the news columns are used to further their owners' politics. The underground press is indeed daddy's child.*

*As in overground journalism there are among the subterraneans a minority of good ones. The Great Speckled Bird in Atlanta, The Bay Guardian in San Francisco and, in New England, The Maine Times are the underground equivalents to The New York Times and The Wall Street Journal. These three, small, unorthodox papers carry stories on a wide variety of topics that the straight press in their part of the country is either too corrupt, too timid or too unprofessional to print.*

*At their best, underground papers have been a true alternative medium giving us information we couldn't get elsewhere; at their worst they've served as caricatures to show us how bad the straight press can be.'*

(Nicholas Von Hoffman on CBS 60 minutes)

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The Bay Guardian, 1070 Bryant St., San Francisco 94103 • Un 1-9600



For thousands of men like these,

# There's no room in the skyscrapers

Interviews by Marsha Berzon      Photos by Michael Bry

Redevelopment takes over the old hotels south of Market and harasses the old men who rent rooms there for \$30...\$40...\$55 a month, to get out.

Where are they going to go, these old men? There's no room for them in Redevelopment's vision of the future, no room in the new skyscrapers, no more \$30 rooms. They don't want to go to the Tenderloin.

To some men, Redevelopment pays a subsidy for new rooms, but only for two years. But then, perhaps, the men are supposed to be dead.

Other men, who do not live south of Market, want the land there. It is close to downtown, they can make a lot of money by tearing down

the old hotels and erecting the "Yerba Buena Center"—new hotels, new office-buildings, new tourist centers.

In past issues (notably April 17, 1970) the Guardian has detailed what corporations and individuals stand to make the money...Standard Oil, Del Monte, Pacific Telephone, Benjamin Swig, Crocker Citizens Bank...it's the same familiar list, the same familiar story:

The Redevelopment Agency simply functions to legitimize this transfer from the powerless to the powerful.

Last April, Stanley Wiegel, a federal judge, said of Yerba Buena:

"...the housing act of 1949 (was) to eliminate blight and provide a 'decent' home and suitable living environment for every American family.

"The statue makes it abundantly clear that Congress intended residents of blighted areas to be beneficiaries, not victims, of urban renewal."

Some of Wiegel's recent decisions curb some of Redevelopment's worst abuses. But the following pictures (by Michael Bry) and words (by some of the men themselves) testify to the continuing reality:

The only "beneficiaries" are the rich, the only "victims" are the poor.

## 'Got to go live under the bridge'

Eddie Hider - 64...resident of the South of Market for 14 years...relocated from the Argus Hotel to the Tenderloin, August, 1970...former prizefighter, stevedore, warehouseman, night-watchman...

I'm an adopted son. I was brought here when I was nine months old and I've never left San Francisco since, outside of making a few trips on a ship going to Alaska. I was living in North Beach and in one place the woman adopted me.

I sold newspapers all through San Francisco, I never went to school. When I was nine years old, she passed away. Then I was all out on my own, I had to make my own living.

When I was about ten years old, the police took me to juvenile, off the streets. They took me and put me in St. Vincent's across the bay. It was worse than a prison. They had brothers there, and they were mean, real mean.

Anyhow, that's where I learned to fight. People from the outside used to come there, watch us. So a fellow got interested in me, I was 15. He got me out of there and he put me to fighting.

And I fought under different names, sometimes two times a week. For nothing. In them days, if you got \$150, by the time your manager gave you something, you had \$10 or \$15. I fought 12 years, I had 139 or something fights. You know, the doctor told me, Eddie, you better quit fighting or you're going to wind up in a nuthouse. Oh, I used to get beat up bad, but I used to like to fight, that's all I knew. I never learned a trade.

I was living in the Argus hotel for 14 years. I paid \$45 a month for both of us, my buddy and me. I'm like a father to him, because when I met him I was in want, and he gave me bread or something.

When someone helps me, I really appreciate him. I won't go on welfare, never been on welfare in my life, because there's people that need welfare, they got problems down there.

So here's what happened to the best of my knowledge. Redevelopment said everyone's got to move out of here, you got to move out of here in 90 days. A couple of weeks went by, then we get a phone call to come down to Redevelopment.

They had a girl there, Betty. She said we're going to try to find you someplace to live. She says, let me make a phone call. Then she says, oh, too much money, \$140. So she said, why don't you and Leonard try to find a place.

So we went. We walked, we had no transportation. That was on a Sunday. We walked, we walked, the places we looked at were \$180, \$200 a month. Monday morning, I went down there, told her all the rents were too much. She said, don't worry, we'll find you a place.

So we went on and on. So finally, Betty, she quit. And she told me before she quit, this job makes me sick. I hope I never see my Mom in her glory if I'm lying.

Finally I got a letter from the Housing Authority. Never been there in my life. The lady interviewed us, she said, yeah I got your file, Mr. Hider. So she pulled out the file, and she says, oh, we got a good place for you.

I says fine. \$180 a month. I says, you speaking to me or somebody back here? I blew my top, that's the first time. I says boy, you people ought to be ashamed of yourselves, and we walked out.

I'll tell you when I got beat up. I had a little dog, a girl, oh, how we loved that girl. One day I took her out for a walk, and while I was out I saw the mailman coming. So I thought maybe I got a letter. There's a guy that lives here now, he used to be a prizefighter too.

He had a check, old-age pension check. And the guy behind the desk, he was working for Redevelopment and weighed around 200 pounds. He's telling the old man, I'm not going to give you a check until you move out.

I told him, why don't you give that man his check, you're not supposed to hold back government mail. He said, I want him out of here. I said to him, you give that man his check please. So he gave him his check. But then he told me, you better mind your business Eddie. So I walked away.

Then I started talking to the old men in the lobby. I says, don't move until they find a place for you, don't let them throw you out on the street. And girl, as God is above me, suddenly, bingo! I wind up on the floor, I was kicked, I was choked, and before I could even talk and say I'd had enough, I was getting choked more. I went over and sat down. I was hurt... I was spitting blood.

The policeman came in, he knew me because I used to work in the hot dog place across the street. So the policeman says, Eddie, go home. I know these people, I heard a lot of bad things about them, the Redevelopment people. So I went home. Three weeks I couldn't get out of bed, every time I breathe it was like somebody was sticking a knife into me.

Finally we got to the critical point: "Everyone's got to move

out of here." And I says I haven't got anyplace to go yet. "You've got to get out, or we're going to get the sheriff to put you out. If you don't get out, I'm going to put a padlock on your door."

Pope, he's the head guy down there. He says, don't worry about nothing. We'll find you a place, just sign the papers. What a fool I was. I never had to sign papers in my life, not even when I was fighting.

I signed my life away. They promised me \$1,000 lump sum and \$80 moving expenses. But they violated the contract, now they give me \$41 a month. You know what the alibi was: you don't know how to manage money. Like I'm a little kid. And I only got six more checks and then all I'll get is \$54 social security.

When the checks disappear, then what? I pay \$100 a month here. My buddy was to leave, and I expect him to leave, how am I going to manage? Got to

go live under the bridge. Well, there it is. That's the injustice they're doing to the people.

Another thing. They told us we were only going to be here three months and then they'd find us another place. But not even a telephone call, not a letter, nothing. One man came here from the Redevelopment. And he measures the room, this way and that way. He says, too small for two people to live in. But that's all I ever heard.

Most of the people who moved out of my hotel are scattered around like animals. And this is the worst district I could live in. They've been fights, guns, bullets fired out.

Prostitutes all night long along the street. The old place was like living in a palace. The people there, they're old people, people that don't want to be bothered no more. They call it skid row. This here, I couldn't find a name for this place around here.

The Redevelopment Agency,

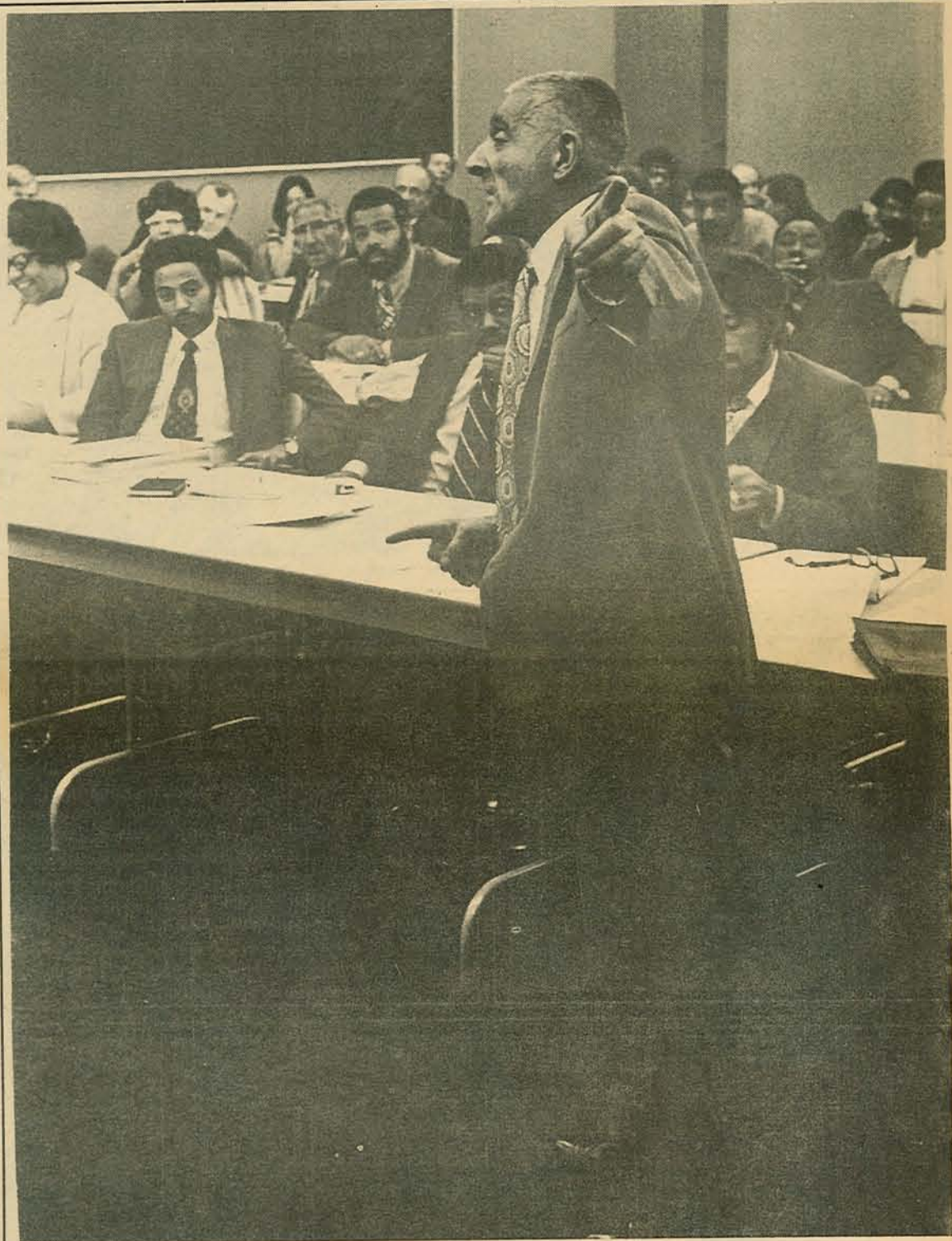
them people are bad people. You know what they do, when people come downstairs: yes sir. How are you, sir. But I got the devil part of them, I know the devil part of them, because I heard it with my own ears. It wasn't no dream, or nothing I read out of a book or newspaper.

They got the cover up of the Mayor. The mayor, I love the man, but I don't like what he's doing. He's doing a lot of wrong and he knows it. If I was the mayor of San Francisco or any place, I'd take care of the poor people, the poor people is what counts. Not the rich people, the rich people don't understand because they have no experience.

A hungry person is a person that suffers. A person that ain't hungry, he ain't going to know what it's all about. Impossible.

Wrong is wrong and there's only two ways, there's nothing in between. And when you're wrong and you know you're wrong, and you're making mis-

Continued on page 14







## "You know Just"

Harry Boisen  
paper reporter  
San Francisco  
War II... living  
in Jessie Hotel

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Don Caldwell - 66...former  
automobile mechanic...resi-  
dent of South of Market for 30  
years...one of three tenants  
still living in the Daton Hotel.

I been living here 10 years.  
In the same room. My little  
dog's all I got. I've had this  
one two years, but I've had dogs  
all my life. They want me to  
move from one rat-trap to  
another. I don't go that route.  
I told them I wanted ground

floor, corner room. They turned  
me down because of my little  
dog.

They sent me to look at  
places in the Tenderloin. I've  
lived a pretty clean life. Down  
there, there's nothing but dope  
hounds and peddlers, and every-  
thing you can imagine is out  
there. I want to live until the  
lord calls me.

## "I'll stay here until the roof falls in"

I want to tell you something  
else. Redevelopment said my  
room was dirty, that's why I  
can't get a place in the new  
housing over there (Clementina  
Towers, Redevelopment's 300  
units of housing in Yerba Buena).  
But I'm not going to put cold  
water on my things.

They won't give you hot wa-  
ter, they won't put up any mon-

ey for a new boiler.

Judge Weigel says, don't  
touch anybody South of Market  
unless they freely want to go.  
Don't push them. But soon as  
they can get you out of their  
hair, the better.

A higher up, a big shot, next  
to Herman (Justin Herman, Ex-  
ecutive Director of Redevelop-  
ment), he said that there wasn't

going to be any pets in that new  
building over there. They always  
have an alibi for a dog. But a  
dog won't go with a crayon in  
his mouth and mark up the walls  
like a kid does.

You can't talk to them peo-  
ple, they're worse than the  
President. But I don't care if  
they're big as a mountain or  
high as the sky. I'll stay here  
until the roof falls in.

## U thr

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## You know what I call

### Justin Herman -- 'Old Injustice' "

Harry Boisen - retired newspaper reporter...74...based in San Francisco since World War II...living in present room in Jessie Hotel for 7 years.

I was a newspaper tramp, my work was very broad. I don't know of any newspapers missed. I even wrote sob columns and advice to the love-morn. I was reporting from Dayton, Tennessee, when Clarence Darrow was defending the guy on that monkey business, and I was in Korea with MacArthur. I knew the General, of course.

That big garage across the street, when I first came here, that used to be the Examiner. I worked for them off and on. I had a great system: they'd flash a light, but if I didn't want to do any work, I'd pull the curtain. There was a great old bunch then.

To get to Redevelopment, here's the way I look at it: the theory's right. I think that a lot of people here, that if they'd been convinced that a really genuine effort was being made to provide buildings, what you might call industry of a sort, I think the whole attitude would have been different.

This Redevelopment here's been nothing but a real estate grab. Some of this space has been vacant for 11 years. Redevelopment's got the best attorneys in the world, and they've

been well-schooled. Some of them come out of Boston like Justin Herman. You know what I call him - Old Injustice.

The people here have no place to go, nothing's been provided.

Now you take me, for instance, it's just a little thing. I have so much mail, see, I have a post-office box down at Battery at the Custom House. I can go right out here and catch a bus, take me right to the post-office. If I want to go up to Safeway, I can get a bus right over on Market Street that'll take me anyplace.

Now they're talking about me living out there on Turk Street, even though I never applied for it. I couldn't get anyplace from there.

My efforts in fighting Redevelopment have been directed toward getting the action in Washington. When there was a fire, I reported it to the Fire Department, to the Mayor, to the Redevelopment, to the City Police, besides to Washington and to the FBI. Next time we had a little fire, the first car here was the Battalion Chief. So you say it don't help - it does help, see. Because I don't make no bones about it. But this expert testified at the trial that everyone at the Jesse got a reduction for rent. Well, I didn't get any reduction. Naturally. Because I'm not on their side.



## "They'll take your blanket"

George Hasselbeck - 85... resident of South of Market since the 1906 earthquake... former railroad worker, maintenance man, third cook... member of the Wobblies for over fifty years... living in his present room in the Knox Motel, 17 years.

Things is changed. This used to be a two way street. Whenever people'd come, they'd always hit Third and Market, and you'd always see who you was looking for right in this block. Now of late, the last two years, a lot of them's disappeared.

And Redevelopment, I see them hollering, but I don't see them doing anything. For the benefit of the worker. Where are they putting him? They ought to fix up some place here, give them a first class condition to room in.

To get out of this area would just triple the cost of living on me. My rent is \$30 a month here, and when it jump up, I know it'll be \$50, \$55.

But I'm not worrying what I'm going to do. I'm not crossing no river until I get to it. I come here on the bum, and I can get out of here on the bum. But I know it ain't like years ago. You could sleep out, you could have blankets there. But you can't do that now, because the other guys will rob you.

## Unions are throwing us out

Pete Mendelsohn - 64...retired merchant seaman...long-time union organizer...resident of Yerba Buena area 40 years, living in the Westchester Hotel.

I was an organizer all the time while I'd been working as a merchant seaman - organizing unions both here and in Honolulu, in foreign countries too. The last trip I made was in February, 1969. I had to quit on account of the disability. Redevelopment took over the hotel while I was out of town.

I think it's a criminal thing to take and go up and tear all this housing down and tell the people who been living in this area for all these years that they have to go and move to another city or out of this city.

Which is what they really want to do. They want to drive all the working class and all the lower-middle-class out of the city. They got a book that tells you the whole shebang. You can buy the book.

I spent 30 years in one block there, between Market and Mission on Third Street. And naturally we make a lot of friends, and we may not even know each other by name.

It's a type of area, you don't ask people questions about where they come from, their birth, or anything. We're just friendly on a friendship basis. And we know each other like John or Pete or One-eyed Joe or Polack or Dago or something like that here.

And we're all friends, and we usually can help each other in a lot of different ways. But if we were to be taken out of here and had to go even five



blocks away to a different area, it would be the same as going to another country. We'd have to start all over again and try to make friends, and these days you can't make friends like you did in those days.

This area was composed of the best working men in the West. Because you had all the seamen lived in this area, all the miners lived in this area, all the lumber-jacks. And we used to go out and work all over the Northwest.

And then come back to San Francisco to stay. That's why you had an enormous number of hotels in this area. And the warehousemen stood here, and the longshoremen stood here. We're all single men, and we all had something together. We

all talked about our adventures and everything else, we'd all plot what we're gonna do.

Some of us, besides our regular work sometimes would do other kinds of work. If I'm a seaman, I might go and do some mining sometimes, or I might go work in a lumber camp sometimes, when the seasons were slack in my field, and the other guys did the same thing. And we got able to do these things because we were friends.

Now, it just tears you up. These men here, they were all good union members. And the leaders, men like Harry Bridges, they're on the side of Redevelopment. The people they're helping to throw out, they're not enemies or anything, they're

friends.

Also, this Redevelopment uses both the newspapers in this town, which they control because they've given them land and because they give them a lot of advertising. They control these newspapers and the TV and everything. They make out false statements and they twist everything you say. The Chronicle only comes down when they can get poison against us. Channel 7 came down and cut everything up so it sounds like I'm working for Redevelopment. The Examiner's a little better.

It's dangerous to walk the streets. But along the area where I live, there's no danger. At least there wasn't until Redevelopment came. I've been living here 40 years and we

never had a murder. But we had one last month right in my hotel.

I believe that instead of moving people out of the area, they should build housing in the area for these people before they're moved. And they should not be moved out of the area, back in the area, or any other area. They should remain in the area while they're building for them.

They got enough room to do everything they want to do in building. We had Governor Brown come in here and investigate the whole matter, and he told the judge that he thought it was a crime to move the people out. Because all the places left in the city are inferior to the places we're already living.





## Does redevelopment hold up my mail?

"One-eyed" Joe McCommon - retired seaman...living in the Westchester Hotel.

I haven't gotten my social security checks. I'll probably get five or six checks here around one time. I just haven't gotten any of them. Today's the first one.

A lady called me, she said they're going to start checking, she sent me some post-cards.

Forms.

I get money from the city too. Old age pension. I was getting those right along. But it's been two months now. I didn't press them - because I've got other money. I asked them not to mail those to this address any more. Now they come to 1360 Mission and I pick them up.

I have a suggestion. Let the

man who takes care of the mail take these checks. He can recognize government mail when he sees it. Take them into his own office and keep them there. And let us go and get them. 'Stead of letting them stay around the desk.

There are entirely too many people sulking behind that desk. They can open drawers, they know where the mail is. Entirely too many people.

## 'They treat you like you're an animal'

George Walsh - SF resident since 1932...retired streetcar operator, steelworker...lived in present room in the Westchester Hotel for 31/2 years, South of Market for 15 years.

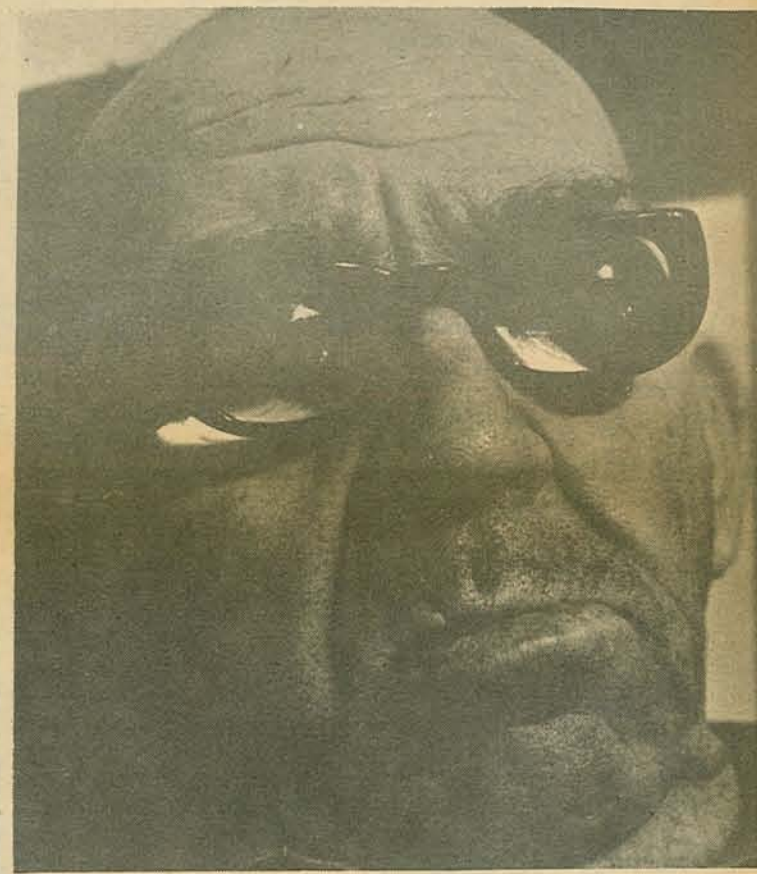
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I've been down here ever since me and my wife separated, about fifteen years. I found it was more companionable. You know, I'd run up against people here in the same boat as I am, I'm by myself. If I live out there, in the Richmond District or down there in the Mission, they'd all be married people and families. I find people are more friendly here than if you go to a neighborhood. Not that the people in the neighborhoods aren't friendly. But a man by himself, you know, you can't be going in and out because he has no way of reciprocating, you know, and them come see him. In here, I can go to most any room in the hotel, you know - they're friends of mine. They're more

my kind of people around here, the way I'm situated.

This is the best I could've found under the circumstances. Everything I've got here is mine, I've got it fixed the way I want it. I'd hate to have to move and start over again. I'm not as young as I was, and I've been on the sicklist for quite a while. Had an eye operation. I'm on Aid to the Disabled. Here, I can get by famously.

Of course, there's lots of things in this hotel I don't like. The attitude since this Redevelopment's taken over. The management has changed here, there's quite a difference. Difference between night and day. Like maybe I didn't want to go down stairs - I can't see too good. Now, if one of the boys ask at the desk if I got mail - the attitude is, they don't want to do anything for you. They treat you like you're an animal. Or an ape.



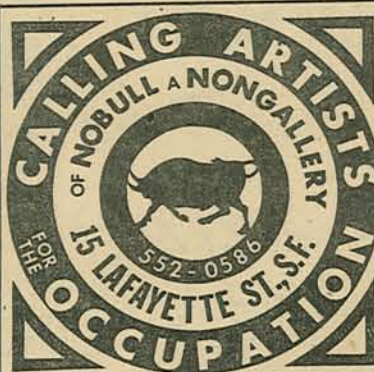
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# Everybody may talk about integrating the Bay Area's construction industry, but a new government report establishes firmly that no one really has been doing much about it.

By Dick Meister

The proof, finally available in something besides the generalized and easily disputed accounts of often partisan observers, comes in a survey which was conducted for the Federal Government by a State manpower analyst.

James Neto, who works in San Francisco for the Human Resources Development Agency, examined 16 construction crafts in eight counties, in what was by far the most thorough survey of its kind ever taken locally.

Neto found that, while minority people make up 23 per cent of the population in the counties, they accounted for less than 16 per cent of the 52,000 construction workers involved. (Seven per cent were Spanish-surnamed, 6.4 per cent black and 2.4 per cent Oriental or American Indian.)

## Few Plumbers

The survey also showed conclusively that the minority workers who are hired are concentrated in the lesser-skilled, lower-paying construction jobs. Minority workers accounted for only a little more than 5 per cent of the journeymen plumbers and pipelitters, for instance, but made up 34 per cent of the plasterers and cement masons. (Other reports have estimated the percentage to be even higher among general laborers, who were not included in this survey of craftsmen.)

There weren't many signs, either, that the situation might improve. In the apprenticeship training programs which are the only means of entry into the skilled construction jobs for many young minority workers, there were more than 4,600 trainees, but only about 750 or 16 per cent were minority people, and they were concentrated

in the same lower-level crafts as the minority journeymen.

There was a higher proportion of minority workers among the "helpers" who work in several of the crafts doing menial tasks for skilled journeymen. But though more than one-fourth of the 800 or so "helpers" were from minority groups, there was no assurance—as there is for apprentices—that they eventually would move into regular journeymen's work.

The survey notes, in general terms, that there are other training programs designed to help minority people get into the better construction jobs. But it provides no figures of any consequence on the number of programs or on trainee enrollment.

## Nothing done

The figures on minority workers would render figures on minority trainees virtually pointless anyway. For they show that almost nothing concrete has been accomplished by those training programs which have been highly touted by contractors, union officials and officeholders in response to minority pressures.

The survey also undermined the frequent excuse that not much can be done to improve the situation because there just aren't enough construction jobs to go around. It estimated that the number of jobs in the 16 crafts surveyed would increase by six per cent or 2,000 through 1975, and that retirements and deaths would open another 4,400 jobs over the period.

The State survey was taken last fall and turned over to a three-man panel from the Office of Federal Contract Compliance which held hearings in San Francisco in December to help deter-

mine whether to extend the so-called Philadelphia Plan to the Bay Area.

That's the plan, put into effect in Philadelphia in 1969, which requires contractors bidding on Federal contracts to guarantee to hire the same percentage of minority workers in each of the particular construction crafts as are in the local population generally.

## Other reports

The State report was the most significant and the most comprehensive presented to the Federal panel, but it was not the only such report.

Among others, there was a survey by the local office of the Department of Housing and Urban Development of the 76 Bay Area contractors who were doing work for the Federal agency. Only 6 per cent of the 24,000 workers hired by the contractors were black, according to the survey; 10 per cent were Spanish-surnamed, and 2 per cent were Oriental or American Indian.

Similar findings were reported by representatives of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare and by Frank Quinn, regional director of the Federal Equal Employment Opportunity Commission.

Those who presented the State report carefully avoided any recommendations on the possible imposition of a Philadelphia Plan. But the locally-based Federal officials who presented the other reports generally demanded that such a plan be imposed on local builders.

## Who's to blame

Clifton Jeffers, a black former NAACP representative who now works for the Department of Housing and Urban Development, said an imposed plan is necessary to end the "pervasive discrimination" which he saw revealed by the reports.

Jeffers and other witnesses blamed unions and contractors alike. They charged that the unions purposely excluded minority workers and that the contractors further this discrimination by relying almost entirely on the unions for their help.

The contractors could go to minority group organizations and elsewhere for their help, the witnesses noted, but refuse to do so for fear of strikes and other union reprisal.

These witnesses also urged the Justice Department to sue the unions involved on charges that the "clear patterns of racial discrimination" shown by the surveys violate the Civil Rights Act of 1964.

## Plan needed

Arthur Fletcher, the dynamic black Assistant Secretary of Labor who presided over the hearing, seemed to agree at least that a Philadelphia Plan should be imposed.

Fletcher said he had heard more than enough evidence to justify it, and noted that, while local unions and contractors promised to develop their own voluntary plans, such promises generally have been meaningless.

"We find that as long as a contractor doesn't face goals and penalties," Fletcher observed, "he takes the whole thing as a joke."

The other black member of the panel, John Wilks, director of the Office of Federal Contract Compliance, also seemed to agree with the demand for an imposed Philadelphia Plan. He cited his own finding, on a previous survey tour, that job opportunities for minority workers in the Bay Area "are virtually non-existent in the construction field."

## Empty warnings

It's true, too, that the San Francisco-Oakland area had been one of the urban regions across the country which the Labor Department had singled out way back in February, 1970, in a very well publicized gesture, as places where a Philadelphia Plan would be imposed if voluntary integration plans were not worked out quickly.

This stand was reiterated in Washington five months later, after a new Secretary of Labor took over and announced an "intensive summer program" aimed at getting compliance. Locally, it was reiterated regularly by Federal officials who kept announcing that unions and contractors had better begin their own integration plans "or else."

Finally, voluntary plans, aimed at bringing the percentage of minority union members up to the percentage of minority people in the population within five years, began operating in Alameda County and were brought at least close to operation in several other Bay Area counties. But, largely because of union reluctance, there had been little more than talk in San Francisco.

Hence, it seemed logical that a Philadelphia Plan would be imposed at last in San Francisco. It was long overdue according to the Federal Government's own very strongly implied timetable, there finally was firm evidence that it was needed, thanks to that unprecedented State survey, and the Federal officials in

charge of such things thought it should be done.

## Enter Alioto

But along came Mayor Joseph Alioto of San Francisco, who seems to be always there to help when his construction union friends need him. He prevailed on the Government to delay action still longer.

Three years ago, in one of the great overstatements of his career, Alioto declared that a modest apprenticeship training program which the unions had just set up meant "there will be fully integrated unions in San Francisco from now on."

But now, while having to agree that this had not been quite so, the Mayor is certain that the unions are eager to work out something else that will do it.

Alioto has in mind a plan that will account for "distinctive circumstances and conditions" which an imposed Federal plan might miss, and insists that the unions and contractors who have done very little on such a plan until now nevertheless will voluntarily move into action shortly with his help.

"I told Mr. Wilks that we don't need the Philadelphia Plan here," said the Mayor grandly. "The San Francisco Plan will be better."

## No choice

Wilks, as director of the contract compliance office, hasn't much choice but to go along with Alioto's request and delay imposing a plan. It's not nice to publicly question the mayor of a big city—not unless you want to get into a major political fight, anyway.

It's also clear that, under the circumstances, imposition of a Philadelphia Plan would prompt legal action against the Federal Government, as it has in Philadelphia itself.

Alioto bolstered his public show of optimism with reference to an agreement signed by 16 unions, the area's two major contractor associations and minority community leaders in connection with the Model Cities Project in the Bayview-Hunters Point District.

The agreement pledges that at least half the construction jobs in the project area will go to area residents—and that theoretically could mean as many as 400 jobs. Additionally, the terms have been extended to cover any other government-assisted projects that may be started in the district.

## Had to agree

But though the agreement was reached voluntarily, the parties weren't being all that progressive. They had to agree to something of the sort to satisfy Federal regulations which require heavy community em-

Continued on page 31

## The statistics of union job discrimination

### JOURNEYMEN

UNION	TOTAL	Minorities	BLACK	Mexican American/ Puerto Rican	INDIAN	Oriental	Other
All	46,670	7272 15.5%	2958 6.3%	3234 6.9%	450 1%	628 1.3%	2 -
Asbestos Workers	378	28 7.3%	0 0	20 5.3%	8 2%	0 0	0 0
Bricklayers	900	250 27.8%	125 14%	117 13%	8 8%	0 0	0 0
Carpenters	14,660	2,111 14.3%	1334 9%	528 3.6%	161 1.1%	88 .6%	0 0
Electricians	4490	374 8.3%	71 1.6%	207 4.6%	33 .7%	63 1.4%	0 0
Elevator Constructors	74	13 18%	3 4%	6 8%	0 0	2 3%	2 3%
Glaziers	690	72 10.4%	9 1.4%	57 8%	6 1%	0 0	0 0
Iron Workers	1570	113 7%	6 .4%	91 5.7%	10 .5%	6 .4%	0 0
Lathers	430	56 13%	8 2%	36 8%	12 3%	0 0	0 0
Operating Engineers	5448	963 17.7%	201 3.5%	519 9.6%	38 .8%	205 3.8%	0 0
Painters/Paper Hangers	5900	1712 29%	490 8.3%	997 17%	83 1.5%	142 2.4%	0 0
Plasterers/Cement Masons	2370	806 34%	511 21.6%	151 6.4%	72 3%	72 3%	0 0
Plumbers/Pipelitters	5980	311 5.2%	57 1%	221 3.6%	8 .1%	25 .5%	0 0
Roofers	790	185 23.4%	109 13.8%	76 9.6%	0 0	0 0	0 0
Sheet Metal Workers	2680	263 9%	32 1%	198 7%	8 .2%	25 .8%	0 0
Tile Setters	310	15 4.8%	2 .6%	10 3.2%	3 1%	0 0	0 0

Compiled from a federal survey conducted by a state manpower analyst.

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ON THE PSYCHOLOGY OF MEDITATION

**III. Feb. 25, 8:00 to 10:30 p.m.** Charles T. Tart  
THE PARANORMAL

**IV. March 4, 7:00 to 11:00 a.m.** Robert Ornstein  
THE SUFIS



# THE SAN FRANCISCO BAY GUARDIAN

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## How to Hetch Hetchy

The Grand Jury, as Ed Uno demonstrates in his Guardian interview, is supposed to investigate city departments and issue reports leading to reform. (See pgs. 12-13.)

Instead of investigating the Hetch Hetchy power department however, the 1970 Grand Jury, like previous SF Grand Juries for the past 25 years, took a three day all expenses paid vacation to Hetch Hetchy

last September. Needless to say, this Grand Jury like previous Grand Juries:

1. Didn't say in its final report that this Hetch Hetchy area is by federal law to be opened up to camping for the public, not just for SF VIPs and the Grand Jury.

2. Didn't investigate why the cheap Hetch Hetchy public power is by federal law required to go to the citizens and busi-

nesses of San Francisco--but, that the city has instead allowed PG&E to establish private power monopoly here and keep San Francisco from selling its own power to its own people. The city's loss: \$30 million a year.

3. Didn't report that it took a \$1,600 vacation from a city department it was charged to investigate. Or, for that matter, that FUC/Hetch Hetchy each year gets a nice chunk of the city budget for VIP and press inspection tours of Hetch Hetchy.

Several persons have asked about The Guardian's recommendation for San Francisco citizens to make a principled refusal to pay the 5% utility tax. Here is the principled refusal, mailed to PG&E with his power bill, of Peter Petrakis, Guardian utilities editor.

This is to inform you that I will not pay the 5% city tax on my utility bills on grounds that, if the San Francisco Board of Supervisors wants to take money off a utility, it ought to go out and get one.

Section 119 of the City Charter reads:

"It is the declared purpose and intention of the people of the city and county, when public interest and necessity demand, that public utilities shall be gradually acquired and ultimately owned by the city and county..."

Under the Charter Utility Policy, the Supervisors are designated to make the determination of public interest and necessity. The Supervisors have now decided that the city should have revenues from utilities, but they have made not so much as a gesture towards implementing Charter policy and determining the public interest and necessity of acquiring a money-making utility. Instead, they persist in treating Section 119 as a meaningless ornament.

The Raker Act of 1913 (H.R. 7207) is a direct expression of the municipal ownership policy of the City Charter. It gave the city the right to dam the Tuolumne River at Hetch Hetchy Valley inside Yosemite National Park for a city water and power supply.

In making this requirement, Congress was responding to the municipal ownership philosophy of the Charter, as well as to the broader principle that the public should be the prime beneficiary when special privileges are granted inside the public domain.

The city, in collusion with the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, has been violating both the City Charter and the Raker Act ever since power became available from the Hetch Hetchy project. It has refused to obey the law, buy out the PG&E distribution system and bring San Francisco's cheap electricity to its people. (See The Grand Jury 'Investigates' Hetch Hetchy, p.13.)

The city and PG&E have worked out a series of arrangements that are designed to keep San Franciscans from enjoying their own low cost power from their own project. Now, the Supervisors have taken the city further away from compliance with law in further institutionalizing PG&E's illegitimate presence here by giving it status as an official city tax collector.

I wish this protest and tax refusal to be regarded as a principled one, based on the conviction that the City of San Francisco, its Board of Supervisors and other officials, elected and appointed, are in chronic violation of law on the matter of Hetch Hetchy power, and that this utility "user's tax" takes the city in the opposite direction from eventual compliance with the law.

## THE SAN FRANCISCO BAY GUARDIAN

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"It is a newspaper's duty to print the news, and raise hell." (Wilbur F. Storey: Statement of the aims of the Chicago Times, 1861)

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Promotion: Addie Ross

Production: Vicky Sleator

Distribution: Bruce Manson

## Down with high rise

Continued from page 1

necessitates, and Michael Metcalf's story, an outgrowth of a San Francisco Tomorrow project, is but the start of a Guardian campaign to get them. Our results will be published in the Guardian and compiled for a book to be published this Spring by Fred Mitchell's Scrimshaw Press.

The expand-the-tax-base arguments of skyrise rarely go beyond the simple economics of the labor/Chamber comparison of the tax revenue totals of before and after Bank of America development.

As Metcalf shows, this simple arithmetic progression doesn't include even the significant statistic: the enormous increase in occupants in the building and the corresponding (but difficult to categorize) services they necessitate: BART, for

example, at many billions and the Muni bus service at staggering annual losses.

Gus Tyler points out in the Saturday Review that the sky-rise expansion of a city doesn't solve these financial problems; it makes them worse. "Several scholarly studies," he says, "have come up with this piece of empiric pessimism; if the gross income of a city goes up 100 per cent, revenue rises only 90 per cent, and expenditures rise 110 per cent."

Consequently, the bigger the New York/Chicago/San Francisco economies grow, the worse shape the budget and city services seem to be in. It's a new field for urban economists: the dis-economy of bigness and richness and towering skyscrapers.



Photos by Michael Bry

Note: the props at left helping to hold up the building, the crack in the living room wall.

## Redevelopment at work--

### how to evict tenants with a wrecking crew

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Madison - living on Harrison Street in 11-room apartment for 11 years... husband a seaman...live with uncle, nephew, foster children, boarders.

We've been having trouble ever since Redevelopment came in here. First, they came down and took the key. That was okay with me, because they said it was to check the gas meter.

I'm a seaman, and when I came home from a trip, the gas bills had piled up, Redevelopment hadn't paid them and they were going to turn the gas off. I got hot under the collar then. And when the building was sold to Redevelopment, there was a contract, but they raised the rent anyway.

They give us this Friendship village as a place to live - \$190 for three rooms. We're paying \$85 now for 11. These places out there, I've heard they come in at all times to see what you're using. And they've only got one little ice-box.

What're we supposed to do with all the stuff we've got if we go out there? That place is more like a penal institution than anything else - you can't do this and you can't do that.

First, they knocked down the

house on one side of us, and our house shook all over. They didn't notify us, they don't notify you when they're doing nothing.

Then they started to knock down the building on the other side, but they stopped because they were afraid. The building is actually leaning now; you can't see it from the outside, but it's a joke, I'm telling you.

They knew we were going to have trouble, they're just trying to get us out of there. They got a little sore when we complained. Channel 7 took pictures and put them on TV.

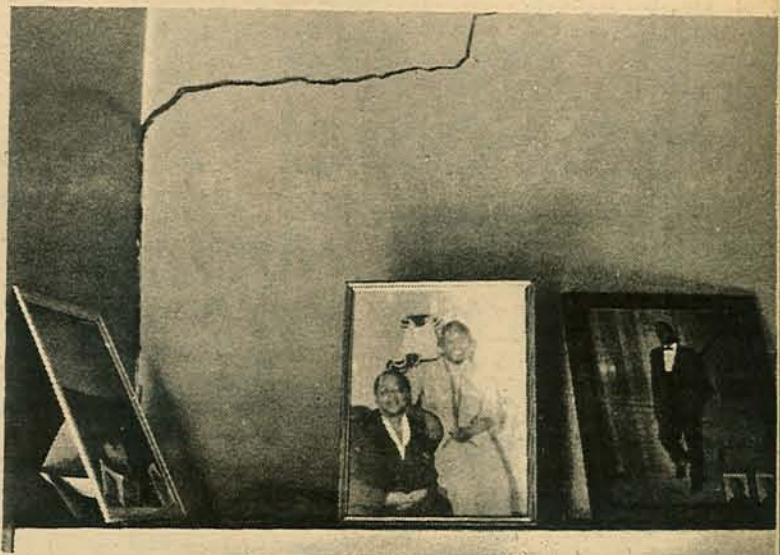
That shook Redevelopment up, even though they cut out practically everything and cut

us off when we were talking. They said we refused to move. We didn't refuse to move, but that's what Redevelopment told them.

Anyhow, they sent us a 30 day notice eight days later.

They're supposed to send 90-day notices, but they sent us 30 days because our house was dangerous. I'd like to live somewhere else, because the house is really run down.

It's not that I want to stay. But we haven't found any place. In the meantime, what do they intend to do, stick us on the sidewalk?





# ON GUARD

The biggest welfare  
chiseler in town



By Mick Stevens

"Money is not made by competition among newspapers, but by avoiding it...the object of diplomacy is to obtain an unassailable local position, like a robber castle, in New Orleans or Elizabeth or Des Moines, and then levy tribute on the helpless peasantry..."  
--A.J. Liebling, "The Press."

• • •

Point 1: The Ex/Chron rate to print city legal advertising was kept fairly low when the newspapers in San Francisco were competitive and each newspaper submitted competitive bids.

Point 2: This policy changed immediately and spectacularly in 1966, the year after the merger brought us the Ex/Chron monopoly, when the Ex and Chron began submitting almost identical bids in violation of the intent and spirit of the city's competitive bid provisions. Result of the monopoly bidding: the rate rose 33 per cent from \$.3050 per line in 1965 pre-merger to \$.398 per line in 1966 post-merger.

Point 3: The rate leaped even more spectacularly this year, six months after the federal "failing newspaper" act legalized the Ex/Chron monopoly and allowed them to continue to fix advertising rates with a special exemption from the anti-trust law, when the Ex and Chron gave up the pretense of "competitive bidding" and arbitrarily submitted one big whopper. Further result of monopoly biddings: a 59 per cent increase from \$.46 per line to \$.73 per line, \$100,000 over last year's total of \$200,000 in city legal advertising.

Point 4: Thomas F. Conway, purchaser of city supplies and a member of the city purchasing department for 37 years, says, "Not to my knowledge has there ever been an annual increase of that magnitude of any commodity the city has ever purchased."

Point 5: This is not just overcharge, it is also a matter of waste circulation. Before, the Ex and Chron put the advertising in only the first edition (the street edition of 9,000 or so which nobody ever sees). Now, they want to put it arbitrarily in all Ex editions (instead of, say, the home-delivered editions of the Ex or Chron). About half of the total Ex circulation now goes outside the city. Result in both cases: high rates, much waste circulation.

Point 6: The crucial question: why, once the advertising is in the paper in the first edition, does it cost 59 per cent more to run it in subsequent editions? There is more circulation, sure, but there are no additional typesetting costs and, by keeping it in every edition, the Ex/Chron don't have the cost of pulling the advertising out and inserting new material. These shenanigans with public money and public advertising policies are but another example of the Ex/Chron news and advertising stranglehold in San Francisco. The Ex/Chron, as a government-sanctioned monopoly, is now the most subsidized business in San Francisco and its city legal advertising required by the charter (only the Ex/Chron can qualify) is now a \$300,000 guaranteed annual subsidy.

This is war on the earth  
and oil runs the war

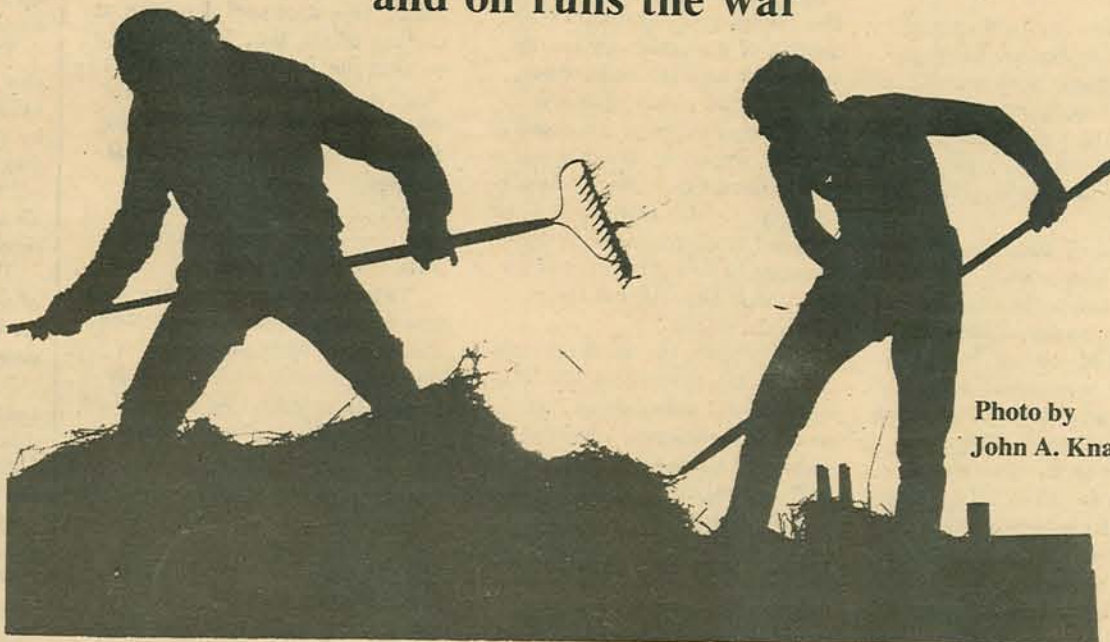


Photo by  
John A. Knaggs

This is war, no less than that war in south east Asia: Where oil directly powers the thousands of bombers and trucks, helicopters and jeeps; for which oil - technology synthesizes the explosives and pesticides raining down on the jungles and villages and rice paddies; from which oil corporations profit hugely--and oil corporations, especially American oil corporations demand this war in Southeast Asia, they demand at least that the coasts of Viet Nam be held against the rural-based revolutionaries, because if you control the coast you can control the tidelands, and in the tidelands of Viet Nam, as in the tidelands off Santa Barbara, there is oil.

And there is oil in Alaska. And no Viet Cong. Only a wilderness, through which to hack roads and work camps and lay down pipeline.

It's all the same war: four gas stations on every corner, the freeways jammed with internal combustion machines--the brown air of the cities; factories turning out asphalt, fertilizers, plastics, herbicides, paints--all oil by-products; and DDT is an oil by-product, and so much DDT has been sprayed that it falls with the rain,

it hangs around, it doesn't break down chemically very fast, it appears to inhibit the ability of phytoplankton in the ocean to produce chlorophyll--and all organic life feeds on phytoplankton, or on what these tiny organisms feed; and oil spills have the same effect as DDT, only quicker, more devastating, and there are now two or three big oil spills a week--all over the planet.

And what happens in the ocean of waters also happens in the ocean of air: jet planes fill the sky with their eardrum shattering roars 'till we don't pay attention anymore; the jets drag long brown rivers of waste behind them, laying down a layer of smog high in the atmosphere so that sun light is filtered out, but sun heat is held in, drastically disrupting the whole network of life processes here in this narrow film of organic life surrounding Earth.

Man against man, man against Earth, man against the Sun: it's all one war, and the war comes out of a sickness in man's consciousness, and the war will not end until our sickness ends.

-- Wilbur Wood



This map appeared in the December, 1969, issue of Ocean Industry, an oil industry magazine, and comes to us courtesy of the Bay Area Institute. It shows how international oil companies have carved up the largest contiguous continental shelf in the world in the search for petroleum. South Vietnam controls the

last area not yet conceded, and has already divided it into 18 blocks to be leased soon to oil companies. The Wall Street Journal of September 22, 1970 reported that \$6 billion will be spent in this area on exploration and production in the next 10 years.



# JACK MORRISON

Shepard golfs on the moon: minorities brawl in Alioto's office

An Astronaut playing at golf on the moon, a minority action group fighting to get into Mayor Alioto's office to talk about job discrimination--there you have a collocation of events that fairly well signals our failure.

The moon flights no doubt hold out the promise of some great technical advances. You don't have to deprecate them to point out the lopsidedness of our value structure. We overspend on space while we degrade our own world.

Is there any likelihood of change? Maybe so.

Before Apollo 14 and the fracas in the Mayor's office, I noticed that billboards around the City were blossoming out with cigarette advertising, now that such promotions were banned from television. It might be a good idea to check again on the billboard industry, that inveterate despoiler of our city-scape, and see how San Francisco was faring in its efforts to control the blight.

## A Surprise

My investigation yielded a surprise. The industry seems to have lost a good deal of public-be-damned swagger. The ecology movement, filled though it is with the solemn hypocrisy of politicians from President Nixon on down, has apparently brought to bear enough force to alter some power relationships.

The lobby's influence rests on a simple foundation: politicians need Foster & Kleiser and ADVAN and their like at election time. Most feel they need a liberal allocation of boards at good locations.

San Francisco's sign control ordinance had a hard delivery in November of 1965 after eight and a half years of gestation,

five years of study and three and a half years of public hearings.

At the final moment the Supervisors struck some wretched bargains, notably in exempting from removal over 40 percent of the billboards along the freeway system and in taking away the Planning Commission's authority of discretionary review over sign permit applications, a power that exists with regard to all other types of structures.

Once enacted, the ordinance was difficult to enforce. Several Civic Center billboards were ordered to be removed by November of 1966, but stayed up four years beyond that time. One still stands.

But perhaps the most remarkable fact is that about 170 billboards were taken down last year. The industry seems resigned to complying with the 1975 amortization date for the freeway signs disallowed in 1965, namely all those along the James Lick south of Eighth Street.

Further signs of the times:

(a) the City Planning Department can point now to only three illegal billboards and (b) last year an ordinance setting up a special sign-control district for the beautiful Market Street passed the Board of Supervisors with relative ease.

## Docile?

Have the billboard companies suddenly become public-spirited and docile? No, but they have lost a big part of their constituency.

The fight to control billboards is no longer in the front lines of the environmental battle. The salient has moved out to a frontier where the issue in contention seems to be the life or death of the earth.

It's as if the billboard industry

represented a by-passed bit of visual pollution, requiring further attention, to be sure, but in a mopping-up operation to be conducted in good time.

You can hardly quarrel with an order of priorities that ranks air and water pollution and the achievement of social justice at the top of the list. Still, it may be that the many ways of degrading the environment are pretty much all of a piece, stemming from the same set of human attitudes.

It's good to see Denver considering a measure to outlaw billboards altogether.

Television network spokesmen are reported to be disappointed that the viewing audience for the latest moon walk was only about 45 million people, at least 25 percent fewer than for the two previous walks.

I think more people lately are beginning to express the sense of disproportion they feel when they watch the Apollo flights. A constituency may be developing to demand some re-allocations in the federal budget.

The Minority Affirmative Action Coalition, unwise as it was to start a brawl in the Mayor's office, has a right to its wrath. The systematic exclusion of minority-group workers from the building trades unions, except for a few, such as Local 4 or the Painters, is a scandalous social blight.

At a time of sizable unemployment among long-time unionists, the situation is explosive. (See Meister, p. 19.)

Perhaps Capt. Alan Shepard's game of golf beside the Fra Mauro moon mountains was the touch of the absurd that will jog the public conscience into new and saner bearings.



# KENNETH REXROTH

Nixon's slogan -- bait for "common crooks by a boss gangster."

For weeks the papers have been full of "Nixon's Revolution." Mostly, this is pure bullshit.

The old Southern Bourbon-Northern Republican nonsense about States' Rights and strict interpretation. It has to be understood that the Republican and Democratic parties really have principles that distinguish them -- loose versus tight interpretation of the Constitution.

That's what the Civil War was about, so the Southerners said. What confuses most people is that the two parties have totally changed places since Woodrow Wilson.

This issue, raised at this stage in history, is mostly demagoguery. The ever-increasing centralization of the State in the age of embattled American imperialism is not going to stop. What it's all about really is, first, pure, crooked, demagoguery -- plain lying, in other words.

Second, the promise of uncontrolled, pork barrel patronage -- this is an attempt to stop the revolt of the State Republican Parties, the governors and Senators, that became obvious this winter in the Republican governors' conference.

Nixon has not given them any help and he has not given them enough loot.

Third, since the American hinterland and the Dixie Bal-

kans are more reactionary and more ignorant than the urban Northeast and the Pacific Coast, they want to escape from federal control over their honesty and social responsibility.

## BOOT IN THE PANTS

"Back to a federated republic" means graft for the local state house and a boot in the pants for the poor, the sick, the aged and the young, and of course, the blacks, not to speak of the Indians of the states with large reservation populations. And it means local control over the forests, the ranges, the minerals and the environment.

Nixon's slogan, "Back to a federated republic," is bait held out to a bunch of common crooks by a boss gangster.

What is far more important is the steady attack upon, not just the Bill of Rights, but on all principles of the civilized state since the Magna Carta. There is not a principle of civilized government that Attorney General Mitchell is not on record as attacking, and always in his characteristic lowbrow, hard-hat, militantly mindless lingo.

The Mitchells are so perfect I wonder if they are coached and their speeches written for them. The most vulgar, satchel-assed clerk in a cheap dress shop off New York's Union Square doesn't talk that way.

I wonder if Mrs. Attorney General calls Mrs. President "dearie", and her husband calls her "dell". This is all part of policy, the lingo goes with the hatred of the mind, the hatred of civilization and the passionate desire to exterminate everybody who reads a book after college.

Simple literacy is becoming a dangerous challenge to the totalitarianism of the American Empire.

## MERCENARY ARMIES

Another revolution is going on in the regions guarding the borders of the empire, the same revolution that went on at the end of the Roman Empire and brought it down -- the creation of mercenary armies out of the "barbarians" themselves.

This is what Vietnamization means, and all it means. Nixon knows that the Mothers of Middle America don't give a damn how many gooks he kills -- they just don't want their darling boys hurt, and the military industrial complex knows it can make more money out of fancy hardware and multi-million dollar bombers expended lavishly than it can clothing and feeding G.I.'s, anyway the gooks will have to buy the Spam, the khaki pants and the rifles.

Continued on page 24



## Women's Place by Julia Cheever

The November 1972 ballot may give California voters the chance to approve creation of a statewide network of child care centers. They would be available to all families, administered by one state agency but controlled by parents and local communities and financed by a gross receipts tax on large corporations.

Several committees of Bay Area feminists and child care experts are now arranging final details on the initiative and setting up a statewide organization to gather the 600,000 signatures needed to get the initiative on the ballot.

The initiative brings to mind last year's abortion repeal initiative. In both movements, women's liberation forces were joined by groups with very different motives: in the case of abortion, by population zealots and, in the case of child care, by politicians and industrial managers who see day care as a way to get women off the welfare rolls and into a cheap labor force. Although the abortion initiative failed to reach the ballot, abortion laws throughout the nation are rapidly being reformed or struck down.

The child care initiative also may fail. But public recognition of the need for day care is resulting in a proliferation of new plans for child care, ranging from industry supported and controlled centers to community cooperatives.

The danger for women's liberation supporters of child care is that some other forces have concepts of child care that clash sharply with theirs--such as the concept of child care as cheap babysitting instead of an educational experience even more exciting than what the child receives at home, and the concept of child care as a means of trapping women in dead-end menial jobs instead of a pathway to more satisfying and creative lives for women (and men, too).

Sponsors of the haphazard array of child care arrangements now existing include the government, industry, unions, campus groups, mothers' cooperatives and even corporate conglomerates such as the Nashville owners of Minnie Pearl Chicken, currently granting day care franchises across the country. (They boast that operators can rake in up to 20 per cent profit.)

The sparse programs partially or totally funded by the government are mainly directed at welfare mothers. Examples include California's state-sponsored Children's Centers which supervise 22,000 children whose parents would not otherwise be able to support the family, and the federal WIN (Work Incentive) program, which provides babysitting for welfare mothers in its job training program.

The government, however, does little to help working women not associated with welfare. Yet most working mothers work because they need the money, not because they can afford private babysitters. More than 12 million children under 14 have working mothers; 41% of those mothers are single parents or have husbands earning less than \$5000 a year. The median annual income for fulltime women workers is only \$4000.

Radical women fear the emphasis on day care for welfare women is merely a means of pushing women into the cheap labor pool. Moise Palladino of the California Welfare Rights Organization demands that the initiative provide "protection so that mothers aren't forced to put kids into child care centers and work for less than minimum wage, or for scab labor, or open shop that puts people out of work, or for a job with no possibility of upgrading."

While the proportion of women in the work force has increased to 42%, the proportion of women in professional jobs has decreased since 1940. The Social Administration Research Institute recently declared that with day care "an employer may be able to tap a new source of workers particularly if his production process involves repetitive or manipulative procedures of the type that can be serviced best by females."

Some industries, aware of the usefulness of women as low paid workers in the new semi-skilled technical jobs, are setting up their own day care centers. Bell telephone is currently planning a center in the Bay Area.

The danger with industry supported day care centers is that when day care is not universally available, the factories providing it can exercise special power over the employed mothers. When they risk losing their jobs, parents may be hesitant to criticize management's policy in running the center.

Poor working conditions and low salaries can be forced on mothers who have no choice but to work for the company with day care. One reason why women in Chinatown are willing to work in sweatshop conditions is that they can keep their children with them while they sew.

The solution, say proponents of the child care initiative, is universally available child care, provided free or on a sliding fee scale to all parents (working or not) who want it. Most advocates of women's liberation consider child care a right--for all children as well as all parents.

The present American syndrome of the lonely, homebound housewife who concentrates all her emotional energy on her small children is psychologically damaging to both children and mothers. Parent controlled child care centers (which include a role for fathers) provide a way for women, men and children to have more fulfilling lives.

Psychologists now recognize that early childhood is the most crucial period in a person's education. Good child care (or other early education programs such as Head Start) can provide educational opportunities the child does not receive at home: peer group learning, and structured, rather than random, learning experiences.

Good child care costs more per student than junior college. But some day care supporters prefer to program child care as cheap babysitting--including both San Francisco State College's President Hayakawa and the United Bay Area Crusade, which threatened this winter to stop funding the San Francisco Community Nursery on the grounds the cost per child was too high.





Advertisement

# YOU CAN HELP DECIDE IF OUR CITY WILL BECOME A SKYLINE OF TOMBSTONES.



Both the above pictures are of downtown San Francisco. Same spot, same weather conditions. The top one was twelve years ago. The bottom one, last year.

In only twelve years the downtown area has taken on the closed, forbidding look and feel of most other American cities. And now the high-rises are beginning to spread throughout the city, ruining views, changing the character of the landscape, and what's more, increasing property taxes city-wide.

New studies have shown that the more we build high-rise, the more expensive it becomes to live here. They are as great a disaster economically as they are esthetically. Ask a New York taxpayer.

In the next five years, 40 more skyscraper office buildings are due to be built and nearly as many high-rise hotels and apartments.

Many of them are going into new areas of town which so far have been spared. You can help slow them down.

A petition is being circulated which would stop construction on all new buildings taller than six stories until each of them is studied by the voters of this city and approved.

Tall buildings could still be built, but only after the people of the city wanted them. The pressure would be on the big developers to **prove** that these buildings bring money into the city, and that they mean long-term jobs for San Franciscans, not only commuters. Thank you.

Alvin Duskin

## HOW YOU CAN HELP:

- 1) Sign a petition or circulate one (only registered San Francisco voters may do this);
- 2) help with mailings, phone calls and organizational work;
- 3) donate money to accelerate the campaign.

Use the coupon, or come personally anytime from 9-6, Monday through Saturday: 520 Third St., Second Floor. (397-9220)

To: The San Francisco Opposition, Alvin Duskin Factory,  
520 Third Street (Second Floor), San Francisco, CA 94107

- ☐ I would like to sign a petition and will be coming down to do so. (Only registered San Francisco voters may sign; if you are **not** registered, we **can** register you.)
- ☐ I would like to circulate a petition, or man a signature table. ☐ I will be down to pick them up. ☐ I can't come down, but please mail them to me at the address below. (Registered San Francisco voters only.)
- ☐ I am not eligible to vote in San Francisco, but would like to help the campaign with volunteer work at your office, or elsewhere. ☐ I will come down to talk to you about it between 9-6, Monday through Saturday. ☐ I can't come down, so will you please call me at the number below.
- ☐ Here is a donation of \$\_\_\_\_\_ to help with the costs of running this campaign: staff, mailings, printing, ads, etcetera. (Checks payable to: San Francisco Opposition.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Phone number \_\_\_\_\_  
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Advertisement



# James Ridgeway

In common cause on welfare:

John Lindsay, Ronald Reagan and Nelson Rockefeller

Washington--The welfare crisis is of joint liberal-conservative manufacture, binding together in common cause John Lindsay, Ronald Reagan and Nelson Rockefeller.

On the right wing, Reagan wants to sterilize welfare mothers; on the left wing, Lindsay and Rockefeller bleat about the problems of administering the modern city in these terrible times. Together they orchestrate the great welfare purge.

The White House watches gleefully, hoping this absurd coalition will do the trick, turning the Congressional liberals into line behind the President's welfare "reform," the family assistance plan.

The purge is in full swing: \*In Nevada a quarter of all welfare recipients have been dropped from the rolls and another

quarter have had their payments reduced.

In West Virginia, the sorely depressed area where a massive purge is under way, unwed mothers are denied assistance unless they can name the child's father. Families with car wrecks lying about the property--a common sight in the mountains--are denied assistance on the ground they have more than one vehicle, and assistance is being cut off from people who don't have any children.

Louisiana wants to drop 4,000 families from welfare and reduce payments to another 17,000.

In Rhode Island the Legislature recently passed a law directing the state welfare director to devote his energies to getting people off the rolls.

In Washington state, where unemployment is more than 100,000, the state hired consul-

tants to find ways to get people off welfare.

One proposal is to replace the welfare recipients who had been put to work processing claims with computers, thereby throwing them back into the unemployed.

Others would put state liens against property of all adult welfare recipients and against the house and income of all parents not providing support, forbid those receiving aid to dependent children to request eye glasses and cut back welfare grants which currently average a woefully inadequate \$228 a month for families of four.

\*In California, Reagan conducts his vendetta to get people off welfare and in violation of federal rules keeps the payments below legal levels.

\*In upstate New York, Rockefeller will not comply with a court order to increase welfare payments. Instead, the governor directs the welfare department to fight the ruling in the courts, thereby stalling the increased payments.

In New York City, John Lindsay directed welfare officials to start cutting people off the rolls by increasing delays. For in-

stance, in the past when a welfare recipient had his check stolen, he could get it replaced the same day. Now he must wait 5 days.

At the welfare centers employees who interview prospective applicants have been reassigned to other jobs, thereby slowing down the intake process, and applicants are told to go home and try again in a couple of weeks.

All of this, of course, is taking place at a time when the country is in the midst of a virtual depression and it's building up momentum behind Nixon's Family Assistance Plan.

While the newest version of this scheme has not been unveiled as of this writing, it is expected to generally follow the version given the last Congress.

Under its provisions, only 500,000 people--all of them southerners--would get any additional benefit and that's less than 7 per cent of the country's seven million welfare recipients.

The plan would guarantee a minimum of \$1,600 to an unemployed family of four, and only seven states, all of them in the South, pay below that pitiful amount now (Alabama, Ark-

ansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Missouri, South Carolina and Tennessee.)

The basic idea behind the plan is supposed to be to help the working poor. But it wouldn't really do that either. A family of four is ineligible for federal aid once it earns more than \$3,920 a year. (The National Welfare Rights Organization believes \$5,500 is the bare minimum on which a family can survive.)

Nixon expected to add 13 million to the welfare rolls by 1972. Of the total welfare recipients, 42.7 percent would be in the South because that is the only part of the country where people receive low enough wages to qualify for assistance.

The plan was part of the bizarre Southern Strategy. Establishing a federal subsidy to working people was expected to dampen their enthusiasm for joining unions. In the South industry expands because it can take advantage of cheap non-union labor.



## Cat People

Has the rhythm method failed your cat and dog?

Try Animal Birth Control through the Animal Welfare Assoc. They're good people and will help. Their fee is based on your income. Like all people who care and give of themselves they need support too. Help them to help you.

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## REXROTH

Continued from page 22

From their point of view the ideal situation would be mercenary natives on the ground, black G.I.'s behind the lines and as emergency shock troops, and white technocrats pushing buttons in the air.

It's not just their ideal; it's what is certain to come if they are going to hold the lines of the American Empire. In countries where the average wage is less than \$300 a year, food, clothing, shelter, a dollar a day spending money and a chance to do some shooting is very attractive indeed. As long as the center holds, the U.S. can buy more mercenaries than it needs at the perimeter.

The two newsweeklies recently made a great thing of Tricky Dicky's tricky welfare proposals. The center is not holding.

What his proposals amount to is a drastic reduction in federal support for the northern cities and a subsidy of welfare in the South - in the case of Alabama, at twice the going rate, with the resulting leakage into the pockets of those rednecked politicians upon whom Nixon knows he is going to have to depend for re-election, unless he chooses a military coup d'etat.

The idea of giving an Alabama politician \$1,600 to hand over to an impoverished black family of four is hilarious. The folks would be lucky to see \$16 of it.

Yet, the unskilled, which means largely black, the aged, the unfit and, don't forget, the young, are redundant. Society doesn't need them.

The Bourbon politicians are always talking about how the fathers on welfare would rather live on the dole than do menial work. What menial work? There are 800,000 people on welfare in Los Angeles alone. Can they all go to work swabbing public toilets?

The newsweeklies are right when they title their stories "The Welfare Maze". That's what's dangerous to the power structure, the anarchism of relief. Unless the poor are regimented and disciplined they will make the cities unliveable.

So far, we are still a ways from the Unemployed Councils,

the Workers Alliance, the hunger marches and massive riots of 1932, but we are not a very long way. If the dispossessed of the affluent society once get started rolling, nothing will control them except military repression.

If the country cheered when the National Guard murdered its own children, what will they do when the troops shoot down streets full of bums who wouldn't work if they had a job, led by dirty communists, probably college professors in disguise.

The only solution to the American Empire is rigid, inescapable discipline of the dispossessed, and that solves another problem, too. If the great race war with China does break out, they are already rounded up.

Are you aware, my liberal white friend, that black lawyers, judges, college professors, bureaucrats, engineers, even cops, and editors of the alright-nik magazine *Ebony*, are coming to believe that the American Empire has already completed its plan to exterminate all of its colored citizens?

Read "The Choice," by Samuel F. Yette, Putnam, \$6.95. I think it's a little exaggerated and I don't agree with all of it, especially his attacks on population control, but believe me, Mr. Yette is just as well educated, just as enlightened, just as sensible as you.



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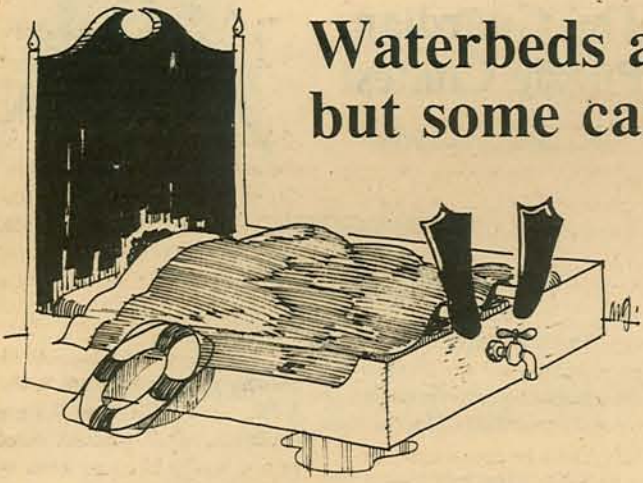
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## A GUARDIAN CONSUMER REPORT

Waterbeds are great,  
but some can be deadly

By Mick Stevens



By Phil Tracy

As you read this, the chances are someone you know is sleeping on a water bed. In all likelihood, it is perfectly safe and probably quite comfortable, although there are thousands of people who have been sold an aqueous lemon.

Water beds, in any case, are the grooviest innovation to hit the bed industry since the sandman. They are, simply, beds—or, specifically, mattresses which substitute water for the traditional ticking-inner-spring combination. (The water is encased in a "bladder" of polyurethane vinyl.)

The beds come in all the customary sizes and in a variety of colors. The one thing they have in common is their heavy weight. Water weighs a lot more than mattress stuffing, and the king size (6 ft. by 7 ft.) weighs well over a ton when filled to its capacity of better than 200 gallons.

Water beds are much more comfortable to sleep on than the ordinary bed. Water is displaced in an amount equal to the pressure placed upon it, so the water bed distributes the weight of your body equally.

Hence, there is none of the normal pressure on the hips and shoulders experienced on an innerspring mattress, and the bed continually contours the outline of your body.

Since there are no points of pressure on your body frame, the tendency to toss and turn during the night is virtually eliminated. You usually get into one position, fall asleep and wake up in the same position.

After sleeping on a water bed for a month or so, you may find it quite difficult to sack out on a "hard" bed.

Finally, while a water bed will not turn your boudoir into a garden of earthly delights, making love is hardly hindered by it.

While the idea of the water bed is sound and practical, the marketing practices that have accompanied the birth of this infant industry have given consumers trouble.

Water beds, dreamed about for hundreds of years, have been in use in hospitals for the past 15 years. The early models used a complex water circulation system, however, and the retail price ran into thousands of dollars.

But about three years ago, a medical student developed a low-cost, non-circulatory water bed as part of his Ph.D. thesis. Sensing the market value of his theory, the young doctor formed a company called Innerspace Environments and started selling water beds instead of treating sore throats.

At 18 months ago, Innerspace began selling the general public beds which included a thermostatically controlled heating system and were priced

in the \$300 to \$500 range. Quickly, Innerspace cornered a lot of publicity and most of the high priced end of the water bed market.

It didn't take long, however, for several people to figure out they could sell an unheated bed for one-tenth of Innerspace's price, since the heating unit cost seven or eight times what it takes to make the mattress.

To offset the chilling effect of 200 gallons of cold water on the body, they offered to throw a one-inch foam pad on top of the bed. What resulted was the \$69.95 "hippie" water bed.

The difference between the heated and unheated bed is simply price versus convenience. If you have the money, a heated unit is the better product. If you don't, the unheated bed with an electric blanket serves almost as well.

There are several heating units in the low-price range, either in development or on the market. But the only one being sold to the public at this moment which has been submitted to Underwriters Laboratory in Chicago for testing is a portable heating unit developed by Innerspace Environments.

Charles Van Brunt of Underwriters says the testing period is expected to go on for a couple of months and, considering the dangers of mixing water with electricity, it might be best to wait until Underwriters makes a final judgment.

A few months ago, an outfit called Magic Mountain started marketing a heated water bed for \$65. Apart from the varying quality of their bags (their defect rate was reported to be considerably higher than the normal 2 per cent), the "chromalox" heating unit they sold was completely unsafe.

The unit consisted of an 80-foot electric cord that never was intended to be placed under a ton or more of pressure. To sell it as a heating system for a water bed boarded on the criminal.

If an unsuspecting buyer lays part of the cord too close to another part, the heat produced eventually will melt the insulation and cause the vinyl mattress to burn. Since water is a conductor of electricity, once it hit the live wire, the water bed would become an electric bed.

Mike Puig DeVail of Novato bought one of these beds back in December. One night a month later his daughter came running downstairs saying the bed was shooting sparks. Mike got to the bed just as the mattress started burning.

Although fire damage was slight, the 200 gallons of water caused \$600 worth of damage. Mike was lucky; he had insurance which covered the accident. But Mike was even luckier

than that: his daughter was laying on the bed when the fire started, but got off as soon as it started smouldering. If she had been asleep, it would have been a much different story.

In at least one other reported fire, the bed came from an outfit called Water Beds Inc. in Los Altos which also was selling a Chromalox heating system.

If you or someone you know bought a bed with a Chromalox cord heating system, the safest thing you can do—short of taking it back—is drain the bed, check for leaks and remove the heating cord completely. Anything short of that is courting disaster.

There also are several inferior products on the market which, while not lethal could prove all wet in the long run. Since stability is not a hallmark of the water bed industry, buyers would do better to acquaint themselves with some technical data rather than rely on brand names or advertisements.

For starters, anyone buying a water bed should think in terms of a mattress, mattress liner and bed frame.

The liner is necessary in case the bed breaks, for even the sturdiest mattress is subject to accidental puncture under certain circumstances; and a frame is necessary to give the mattress support.

Most "bags" being sold are made of 20 mil high test Union Carbide pool lining material, and you should accept no substitutes.

Other factors you should consider include the nature of the mattress seam, the type of water intake valve, and whether instructions are included.

A "lapp" or overlapping seam is stronger than the straight flat or "butt" seam, and a direct attach intake valve is preferable since there's less chance for spilling than with other varieties.

An instruction booklet is the mark of a company that plans to be in business for a while—and setting up a water bed is more difficult than it looks.

Guarantees are another point. Make sure you get a written guarantee—and stay away from outfits offering 20-year, 50-year or lifetime guarantees. Anyone offering that would just as soon sell you a discount ticket to the moon.

Finally, avoid clear or semi-translucent mattresses. Light reacts chemically with bacteria found in water and over a period of time algae may form on the inside of your mattress and eat away the plastic.

The price range for water beds runs from a low of \$20 all the way up to \$1000, with the markup running as high as 300 per cent in some cases.

A fair price for an unheated water bed with liner and frame is somewhere around \$100. For a heated model, it's \$150 to \$200, depending on optional accessories like a padded frame.

Despite the peril of trying to avoid faulty merchandise and rip-off profiteers, buying a water bed is still a trip. You meet a lot of funny people, get to lie on a lot of different beds and in general have fun.

If you're successful, the bed itself is beautiful. I wouldn't trade mine for anything.

DAN O'NEILL'S  
COMICS

AN EARTHQUAKE  
HIT CALIFORNIA  
12 HOURS BEFORE  
A HYDROGEN BOMB  
TEST...

The Conclusion  
is obvious...

THEY'RE TESTING  
HYDROGEN BOMBS IN  
CALIFORNIA?

NO...THE BLAST  
WAS IN ALASKA...

IT ALWAYS  
RAINS ON  
PEACE-  
MARCHERS

If the Heavens  
were opposed to  
nuclear weapons,  
the earthquake  
would have hit  
AFTER the  
bomb test..

THAT  
WOULD HAVE  
STOPPED  
THE TESTS..

NO WONDER  
THE LESSER  
HOOD-HOO  
HIDES IN A  
TREE..

IN THE OLD DAYS  
MEN TOOK THEIR  
TROUBLES TO A  
CHURCH...AND THE  
CLERGY TOOK THEM  
TO THE STEEPLE...  
WHICH WAS THE  
HIGHEST PLACE  
IN THE COUNTRYSIDE..

hello God...  
say...we have  
this peace march  
scheduled..

RIGHT ON!  
NO RAIN!

THE  
AIR FORCE  
CHANGED  
ALL THAT.

We want  
rain!!

RIGHT ON!  
RAIN!!

Life in a tree  
isn't so bad..

..I SEEM TO  
REMEMBER WE  
STARTED THAT  
WAY..

..WITH THE AIR FORCE  
CLOSER TO GOD  
THAN ANYONE ELSE...  
WE'LL PROBABLY  
FINISH THAT  
WAY..

This strip was excerpted from one of three upcoming comic books by Dan O'Neill. The comics are being published by O'Neill and Company & Sons, 275 Capp St., SF.



# And who is Ruchell McGee?

By Bill Anderson

Old friends of mine who have been around radical circles for a long time, got condemned prisoners sprung years ago, almost communists if not actually. Talking about the angela davis case: well, what if she did actually conspire to do it (that is, conspire to help jonathan jackson to get the guns he used to try to spring his brother, by means of ransom)?

The NAACP in new york has refused to make its legal services available for miss davis' defense--on the ground that the case doesn't present any particular political facet, but only a criminal one. Kayo hallinan says at a press conference that even in marin county the assumption of miss davis' guilt is so widespread that long haired hippies hitchhiking around are buying it.

What if you could get tickets for this one? Start off with the heroine. A white brother who comes from southern alameda county tells me that people from fremont, concord, castro valley, places where if you're black you don't want to be after dark--they aren't interested in the political implications of the davis case at all. They're not talking about the threat of black people spewing from their ghettos raping and murdering. If you talk about the case to them what's really on their minds is how exquisite miss davis is, how much they would like to fuck her.

Imagine miss davis on the stand, making passionate and articulate speeches, yes, it's enough to make you get an erection just thinking about it. But nobody says anything about the hero.

Four years ago I was working in the fillmore organizing encounter groups among unemployed black men, mostly from about 35 to 50 years of age, men who had had families but who left them because of the impossibility of earning enough money to support them. One man had finally got a good job for one of the supermarkets as a porter. Had been in prison. He was making \$135 a week and would send money home. But one day his family notified him that they were coming up north from los angeles. He couldn't take the scene he knew would happen--the family discovering that he was only a porter--so he quit his job and disappeared again, to some other city, from which he would eventually notify his family, and send a little money and go through the whole game of identities again.

Another man was living in the south and while up in the mountains on a hunting trip saw a group of white people swimming naked in a mountain lake. He had binoculars and he was looking at them and the sun glinted off the glasses and the white people saw the flash and circled up the mountain to where he was and caught him. They didn't capture him, they caught him. When night came he somehow made his escape and hid among horses all night,



By Marion Dibble

moving when they moved until morning, and then making his escape to the west coast--san francisco, the mecca. You can ask any brother, san francisco is the best place in america for a black man. Here you can feel free.

There are a lot of men like ruchell mcGee around. Some of them aren't even black. They can't pass IQ tests. Every now and then they make freaky, wild breaks for freedom--with a family, with a family, with a job, with thoughts about political involvement--but they always get caught. Men like them sat home in selma alabama nodding and smiling as they listened to middle class professional black men eating their food and talking about revolution, and after the professional black men and network TV left, turned and braced themselves for the returning wind of southern prejudice.

An appalling number of men like this have been or are in jail. Sometimes they turn into malcolms or cleavers or jacksons but most of the time they're just left with what you might call a cynical eye, meaning that when you go into a building you wonder how you'd rip the place off--where are the exits, are they uptight in the store.... That kind of behavior used to be considered very criminal and alien, but suddenly an awful lot of middleclass white people are behaving just the same way.

So why is all the attention on angela davis? Why has our awareness been diverted from the soledad brothers and the bestiality of the prison system? Who is the real protagonist in this spectacular set in tawny marin county, and who is ruchell mcGee?

## The Guardian Puzzle Contest

By Lester Schonbrun



### PUZZLE CONTEST

#### COMPETITION #2

"Is Goldeng hungry?" "No, Golden Gate."

"I hate to drive before the traffic lets up."  
"So. Tilden Park."

"The Mayor is trying but he's not doing Alioto."

"Do you think Tam's good for the money?"  
"Sure. Tamalpais."

Winners of the Guardian's second competition will be those readers who submit the most atrocious pun involving some aspect of our lives in Northern California. The contest will be judged by experts notorious for their poor taste, and their decisions will not be final. Above are some of our own. Submit yours to: competition #2, Lester Schonbrun, Puzzle editor, SF Bay Guardian 1070 Bryant St., S.F. Modest prizes will be offered for the best submissions.

#### REPORT ON PUZZLE CORNER #1

Congratulations and a personalized handcrafted coffee mug to Judd W. Thomas of San Francisco for his speedy solution to the limer-gram and anagrams:

1. An imbibor of EARNEST exterior  
Thought EASTERN hard liquor inferior  
'Til he tried some one day  
And flew back to L.A.  
The NEAREST he'd been to deliria.

3. ORATES & R = ROASTED  
ORATES & P = SEAPORT (or SPORATE)  
ORATES & H = EARSHOT  
ORATES & M = MAESTRO

2. The "teaser" asked people to describe a way for three greedy people to divide a container of ice-cream so that each was satisfied with his share. They are equipped with only a spoon. We received some fiendishly complicated answers to this problem. The least intricate came from Al Tesoro of San Francisco:

"If you consider the problem for only two people you could just let A divide the ice-cream into two portions and let B choose which one he wanted. With three people, let C scoop out what he deems a third. If A and B agree that it's no more than a third they can then proceed as with two people. But if A, for example, thinks C took too much he may reduce it provided he keeps it. Then B and C proceed as with two people."



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## Robert Bly-

*He's rescuing us 'from the sultry bayous of the Pillowcase Headdress' school of poetry*

Robert Bly, now living in Inverness on Point Reyes, is a major poet ("The Teeth Mother Naked At Last" is recently published by City Lights Books, "The Light Around the Body" won the National Book Award in 1968), a translator of important foreign writers, and the editor of an influential literary journal. In 1966, Bly founded American Writers Against the Vietnam War. Kenneth Rexroth says he is "one of the leaders of a poetic revival which has returned American literature to the world community."

### *Fears of the mother rising*

The bull stands alone under the ginger tree,  
naked girls picking raspberries,  
the sun is eternal,  
eternity in the hands carefully folded around a book.

But there are fears that come up from underneath,  
bushes moving where there is no wind,  
Christ bound on a burning wheel,  
Do not be afraid!  
The sun hidden by great insects,  
a snake curled around the flower pot on the grave,  
so many die mad, knocking over chairs,  
the battle we can lose,  
numbness, nothingness, paralysis....  
The hawks will dive on us, the mother-hawk will come,  
We will be taken,  
eaten in a valley,  
bones scattered, hair thrown into the wind!  
In that age no one can save himself,  
the Saviour himself caught  
in a magnetic field,  
"struggling against his swaddling bands."

There are fears coming up from underneath,  
pulling us down,  
the ecstatic orifices closed to the blue stormlight,  
Antares and the Orphic nests swirled in the surd rivers,  
the outer eighth-inch of the brain giving off smoke,  
like mist boiling off hailclouds.  
I am afraid.  
The insubstantial bodies stretched out ten miles long in  
the sixth dimension,  
the death birds flying along the corridors we make for them  
with our own bodies after death,  
ships rising and falling, no way out.

### *Finding a salamander on Inverness Ridge*

Walking. Afternoon. The war is still going on, I stoop down to pick up a salamander. Barely moving, half-way across the mossy path. He is dark brown, fantastically cold in my hand. This one is new to me - the upper part of his eyeball is light green - strange bullfrog eyes. The belly brilliant orange, color of airplane gasoline on fire, the back a heavy duty rubber black, with goose pimples from permanent cold. I make a kind of pulpit of my hand, and turn it upright; his head and front legs look out at me, the hands resting on my crossing thumb joint. In the warmth of the hand he grows more lively, and falls to earth, where he raises his chin defiantly. I pick him up again. But he is patient, this war, he can be held between a thumb and a forefinger for many minutes, and the front paws hold on to your thumb resignedly - perhaps for hours. Perhaps it could be held quietly this way for days with no food until it died, the green eyes still opening and closing. When I turn my hand up, I see the long orange-black tail hanging down into the arched vault of the open palm, circling back and forth, rolling and unrolling like a snake, or some rudder on an immensely long boat, a rudder that can't be seen by those on board, who walk up and down, looking over the hand-rail.



My wife and I visited Robert Bly in Inverness on a Sunday afternoon. We expected an interview, but we encountered a friend, a man whose open smile is an instant embrace. Bly is a warm man, expansive yet gentle and disarmingly direct. The essential honesty of the man is his most obvious trait.

The Bly household is a pleasant madhouse of creative commotion. Elf-like children barge in and out (often in the midst of one of the poet's impromptu readings), friends drop by with good cookies and good conversation and Bly and his wife Carol prepare seemingly endless pots of tea sweetened with honey.

Bly said he had just finished a 40-page poem he had been working on for five years, a portion of which is here printed as "Fears of the Mother Rising."

"It took so long to write because I didn't know what it was about. I wanted to write a poem that would explain important things about the genesis of the human condition, but I needed to learn more about the cultural development from mother-dominated to father-dominated societies.

"The earliest societies were matriarchies and within the home, the circle of the mother, everything was controlled by the women. Men first escaped the circle of the mother by hunting. The hunting ethic developed as a form of male society and became the war ethic.

"Nowadays, male-oriented individualism and competition are disappearing. Society will return to the circle of the mother. The circle of the mother will unify our present disintegration."

He explained, "The mother-gods of the earliest matriarchies appeared in various manifestations. The teeth-mother, or stone-mother, is the goddess of death, the Medusa figure. When you look at the Medusa, you turn to stone. When you've been turned to stone, you can kill members of your own species, you can do anything."

I remembered then the passage from "The Teeth Mother

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Naked At Last" where Bly describes "what its like for a rich country to make war":

"It's because the milk trains coming into New Jersey hit the right switches every day that the best Vietnamese men are cut in two by American bullets that follow each other like freight cars

This is what it's like to send firebombs down in 110° heat from air-conditioned cockpits,

This is what it's like to be told to fire into a reed hut with an automatic weapon,

.... "

I asked Bly about politics, specifically about the "read-ins" he organized against the war in the days before the McCarthy campaign.

He talked about confronting an entrenched attitude within the literary community that valued style and esthetic detachment above social involvement, about English department chairmen who refused two rooms for his group of poets to read in.

"You see, these older guys, the poets of the Pillowcase Headdress School as Rexroth calls them, were scared to death by the very idea of introducing political concerns into the abstract virgin temples of poesy. They hate content. They don't mind if a poem is

racist as long as it is phrased nicely.

"Of course, political concerns and inward concerns have always been regarded in our tradition as opposites, even incompatible. But that's a straight-jacket. It's clear that many of the events that create our foreign relations and our domestic relations come from more or less hidden impulses in the American psyche.

"That makes the poet's main job to penetrate that husk around the American psyche, and since that psyche is inside him too, the writing of political poetry is like the writing of personal poetry, a sudden drive by the poet inward."

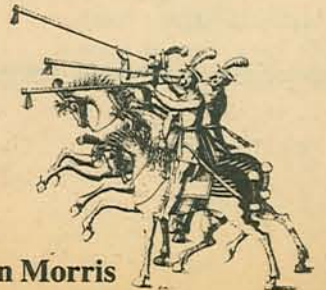
Bly's argument for "inwardness" is the essence of his poetic method. His moral concern is with the world at large, particularly the struggle of humanity symbolized by the Vietnam war, yet his method is psychological and mythopoetic.

Looking within his own psyche, he observes that the American longing to kill Asians is an outgrowth of the longing to kill Indians and that the never-ending war has become so familiar to us that we can carry it in our pocket or hold it in our hand.

By writing from the psyche politically, Bly has introduced poetry into the political discourse.

Frederic Stout

## BEST BETS



By Susan Morris

Many Bay Area shops are specializing in black arts and crafts these days, shops whose owners are often as intriguing as the merchandise.

For instance, Vernita Henderson's Afro-Media Shop, 1935 Ashby in Berkeley (549-0915), has such things as ostrich feathered fans (\$30-\$40), sculptured figures in ebony (\$4.50-\$6) and her own very special jewelry.

Her most spirited pieces have soul food as the basic material--dried black-eyed peas, pig knuckles and jaw bones from pig heads.

Mrs. Henderson sands, colors and arranges them with brass, crystal, beads or colored glass into neck pieces and necklaces. Once you have seen them, you will understand why the Boston Museum of Fine Arts has asked for samples to use in a display. Unfortunately, very little of this jewelry is for sale.

Mrs. Henderson's more conventional pieces, which are on sale, include silver rings with contemporary settings (\$15 and up) stunning brass slave yokes with large linked rings (\$2), brass chokers with pendants (\$2), plus an impressive assortment of earrings and necklaces.

The hours are 10 to 6; closed Sunday and Wednesday.

The African Hut, situated in the back at 458 Broadway in North Beach, is a little shop which overlooks an overgrown garden.

Made by hundreds of tribes, the merchandise is a good representation of African craftsmanship. Lots of variety and the quality is of the highest.

Handsome tie-dyed tablecloths and napkins from Liberia are available in many colors (\$9-\$12 in cotton, \$20 in linen). Snake skin is used as the center panelling in beige colored bobo purses from Upper Volta (\$20).

Nigerian sculptures of the Fertility Goddess are made from the native olive tree (\$20). Handwoven cotton fugus from Ghana (\$20), as well as Nigerian Dashakis (\$12 and up), come in many colors and prints.

Rick-rack wallets and covered bottles with tassled tops are made by the Njansu tribe in Liberia (\$3-\$3.50). My favorite is an antelope rug with the tawny brown skin sewn into a circular patchwork design (\$150).

All prices are negotiable. Hully Fetico, a native of Chad, has some interesting stories about his country's fight for independence. He will also explain the origins of the more unusual items.

Hours are 12 to 12; closed Sunday.

The Blackman's Art Gallery, 619 Haight St., has paintings priced as low as \$5 and sculptures for \$10 and up. Exhibiting artists believe people should be able to afford their work.

The exhibits by Juba Solo, the owner, and the other artists are bold, vivid interpretations of their experiences as Black men in America today. Because they also want to pay tribute to all black culture, their art relies heavily on primitive African forms.

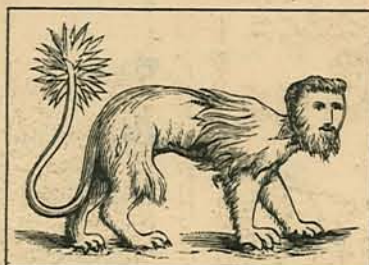
Usually a few of the artists are on hand at the gallery, and hearing them explain their work and their philosophy is an integral part of a visit there.

The hours are 2 to 7 weekdays; 3 to 8 on weekends.

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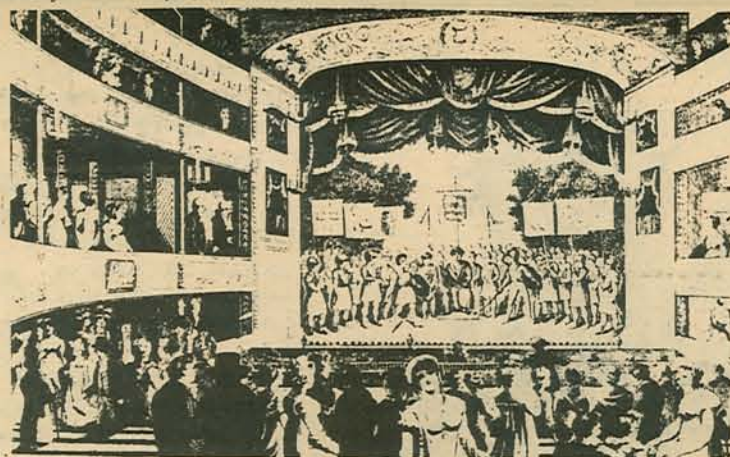
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# Rolfe Peterson Reviews Theatre



## The Latent Heterosexual (ACT)

## The Time of Your Life (ACT)

## Play It Again, Sam (Curran)

"The Latent Heterosexual" is a coup for ACT in more ways than one. Since its premiere in Dallas in 1968, Paddy Chayefsky has withheld it from New York production, allowing performances only in London and Los Angeles.

I presume that he views the play as a strong personal statement and wants to be sure that it's done right. To that end he spent some time in San Francisco overseeing Allen Fletcher's staging for ACT.

The result is the happiest combination of play and performance that I have seen in many years.

The message is heartfelt and serious--the dehumanization and mechanization of modern man, particularly the creative artist. But Chayefsky has clothed it in highly theatrical forms, ranging from hilarious parody

(of homosexuality, tax accountancy, ultra-masculinity, publishing) to thoughtful and tragic symbolism (capitalism, materialism, the death of the spirit).

It has a recurrent fault in the series of long speeches which each of the major characters must deliver somewhere in the course of the play. They go on far beyond their interest, and, although they contain interesting ideas and might pass as excellent essays on the printed page, they are too verbose and literary to pass for human speech.

### A dull stop

They bring the play to a dull stop, and especially in the case of the library cataloguing speech they make one yearn for an editorial influence that would persuade Chayefsky to delete them, or at least shorten them drastically.

There is also a bit of unconvincing dramaturgy, as in the

clumsy way in which the playwright manages to get a crucial hedge-clipper left on a hospital bed.

But, those quibbles put down for the record, "The Latent Heterosexual" emerges as an excellent work of serious comedy, and in staging it Fletcher has drawn from G. Wood, Joseph Bird, Robert Fletcher, and others brilliant performances that surpass anything else they've done with ACT. A newcomer to the company, Josef Sommer, brings off a virtuoso performance as the protagonist.

Kitty Duval is another element that ought to convey mystery and inner dignity, but as Joy Carlin plays her she is alternately low floozy comedy and cheap pathos.

Also in the repertory at the Geary now is ACT's revival of "The Time of Your Life," a fragile milestone in San Francisco's cultural heritage in which William Saroyan, then the foremost chronicler of the

human comedy in America, set down a funny and poetic vaudeville of 1939 and the representative eccentrics of that era.

In directing this revival, Edward Hastings must have done something right, because much of the original charm and humor of "The Time of Your Life" comes through again. But he also does several things wrong, and this production isn't as rewarding as it might have been.

### A mean drunk

Ken Ruta plays Joe, the central figure, as a mean drunk part of the time and a silly drunk part of the time. He gets none of the mystery or poetry or power or downright charm that Joe ought to have. There is nothing in him but his supply of money to keep young Tom attached to him as a willing slave.

His dialogue with the unidentified woman, who is well played by Michael Learned, is bright lights and babble, where it ought to be a strange, moody duet with music.

Worst of all is Jeff Chandler. Blick, of the vice squad, must be a large, powerful presence, the incarnation of evil, but Chandler makes him an affected little wind-up toy, a student actor imitating Richard Widmark.

But amidst these demonstrations of what's wrong with ACT, there is William Paterson, demonstrating what's right with it. He makes Kit Carson the flamboyant myth, the boozy comedian he was meant to be, and

the fun he has with it comes across to the audience full-blown.

Similar vaudeville turns were meant to be pulled off by Mark Bramhall and Michael Cavanaugh, but they work too hard and fail to express the fun in it.

Jim Baker, Patrick Gorman and Dudley Knight are adequate as the bartender, the cop and the longshoreman, respectively.

### An occasion

Despite the unevenness in this performance, "The Time of Your Life" is still a play worth seeing, and the good things in this production make it a theatrical occasion worth sharing.

The recent "National Company" at the Curran was Woody Allen's New York hit, "Play It Again, Sam." In New York Woody Allen played the leading role himself and, seen as another aspect of the comic character Allen has made of himself in night clubs, in movies, and on the stage, this latest episode must have been funny.

But the road company puts Red Buttons in the Allen role, and his broad, commercial, Catskill style destroys the delicate balance of disgusting ineptitude and charming intelligence that Allen himself manages to maintain in his self-caricature. Buttons gets some laughs, but the play falls apart, if there was ever a play there. You didn't miss much.

## By Alan Wofsy

Although everything else in California seems to grow constantly, the amount of fish that has come into California ports annually since 1968 is less than half the poundage which arrived in 1950.

The annual sardine catch, about one billion pounds 25 years ago, is now down to only slightly more than 100,000 pounds.

The Pacific Mackerel has all but disappeared. So has the barracuda, California halibut, swordfish, shad, catfish and oyster. And even though the availability of other fresh fish has not decreased, there may be annual fluctuations in supply. The best months for particular fish are indicated below:

Jan. - Anchovy, bonito, English sole, Pacific oyster, crab, squid.

Feb. - Rockfish, English sole, squid, anchovy, crab.

March - Anchovy, English sole.

April - Abalone, anchovy, Pacific oyster.

May - Abalone, Dover sole, jack mackerel, shrimp, squid.

June - Abalone, Dover sole, jack mackerel, rockfish, sablefish, salmon, shrimp, squid.

July - Abalone, Dover sole, Pacific mackerel, rockfish, sablefish, salmon, shrimp, squid.

Aug. - Abalone, albacore, anchovy, bonito, Dover sole, rockfish, shrimp.

Sept. - Abalone, Albacore, bonito, Dover sole, English sole, jack mackerel, Pacific mackerel, rockfish, sablefish.

Oct. - Abalone, albacore, anchovy, bonito, Dover sole, English sole, jack mackerel, Pacific mackerel, rockfish, sablefish.

Nov. - Anchovy, crab, jack mackerel, Pacific mackerel, Pacific oyster, sablefish.

Dec. - Anchovy, drab, Pacific mackerel, Pacific oyster, squid.



The number of fish stores selling whole fish and cleaning them on the premises is diminishing, but there remain fish vendors who know and appreciate the culinary merits of a whole rock cod or sanddab. The best of them are listed below:

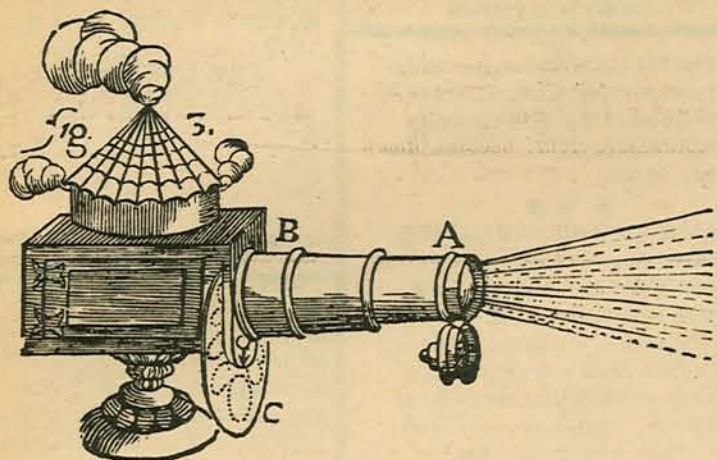
- Tokyo Fish 1220 San Pablo 524-7243 Berkeley  
Fresh local species and imports from Japan, such as octopus.
- Crab Pot 1750 Highway 1 875-9970 Bodega  
Bodega Bay species, such as grunions; also smoked salmon.
- Bill's 3668 Castro Valley Blvd. 538-9690 Castro Valley  
fish and homemade sauces: louie, tartar & cioppino.
- Serramonte Fish 90 Serramonte Center 755-6046 Daly City  
Attractive fish and stuffed filet of bass & sole.
- Sportsman's Cannery 1320 67th St. 655-2282 Emeryville  
Smoked trout, lox, kippered cod & salmon; smoking done on premises.
- Blue Channel 625 Webster 425-7809 Fairfield  
Fresh water fish from Louisiana.
- Hayward Fishery 1065 C St. 581-9894 Hayward  
Serves both the cook and the fisherman; hickory smoked fish available.
- Anastasia Old Fisherman's Wharf 375-5892 Monterey  
Fine selection of local rockfish, sanddabs, moray eel and squid.
- Abalonetti Old Fisherman's Wharf 375-5941 Monterey  
Another good source of local fish, such as albacore, sablefish and halibut.
- Gerneral Fish 633-2466 Moss Landing  
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- Moura's Housewife's Market 444-8784 Oakland  
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- American Best 925 Clay 893-2080 Oakland  
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- Central Fish 435 Fourth St. 832-6370 Oakland  
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- Sunrise Market 391 8th St. 832-5914 Oakland  
Old time fish mart in Chinatown.
- Joe Pucci 431 Grove 444-3769 Oakland  
Best selection on Tuesday and Wednesday.
- Al's 315 Petaluma Blvd. S. 763-1969 Petaluma  
Fish and recipes.
- Delta Seafood 201 Railroad Ave. 432-4121 Pittsburg  
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- Johnson Oyster Co. 669-1149 Pt. Reyes  
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- Tomaes Bay Oyster 669-1242 Pt. Reyes  
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- Eureka Seafood 333 Ohio Ave. 233-5683 Richmond  
Specialists for Contra Costa.
- Marin County Poultry 43 Greenfield 453-3622 San Anselmo  
Whole fish on demand.

- Peninsula Sea Food 135 El Camino Real 589-0532 San Bruno  
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- Hong Sang 1136 Grant ●Dupont Market 1100 Grant
- Lien Sing 1012 Grant
- Pacific Ocean 1207 Stockton 351-3340 S.F.  
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- Sun Sang 1205 Stockton S.F.  
Fish, clams and live frogs.
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- Uoki 1656 Post 921-0514 S.F.  
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Large assortment of local and Louisiana fish.
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- Excelsior Fish 4555 Mission St. 334-6106 S.F.  
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- Modesto Poultry 498 Clement 751-9260 S.F.  
Fish for Richmond.
- Town Foods 747 Market 362-1866 S.F.  
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- Grant Market 743 Market 392-5636 S.F.  
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## Margo Skinner Reviews Cinema

**Brewster McCloud** (Larkin)  
**The Great White Hope** (Regency I)  
**Cromwell** (Alexandria)  
**Love Story** (Coronet)  
**I Never Sang for my Father**  
(Metro II)

Youthful "Brewster McCloud" wants to be the ultimate drop-out and fly higher than any head. To this end he studies birds, builds his own wings, exercises his pectoral muscles preparing for the climactic event: soaring through the heights of Houston's Astrodome.

This wildly imaginative black comedy, directed by "M.A.S.H.'s" Robert Altman, features many of its lively players. Bud Cort plays the naive young hero, Sally "Hot-lips" Kellerman, his abetting bird-mother. Former ACT members John Schuck, Rene

Auberjonois and G. Wood also help. Tossed in are Stacey Keach, 29, as a tottering miser of 120 and Margaret Hamilton, the original Wicked Witch of Oz.

Malevolent birds, frantic fuzz, firm anti-Establishmentism, in-jokes on movies (including spoofing of "Bullitt")—there's something going every minute in "Brewster McCloud."

Alas, it's sometimes disgusting instead of healthily bawdy (Jennifer Salt humping by herself under a blanket; Shelley Duval kissing her boy-friend with vomit-stained lips).

"Brewster's" ideological content is also suspect. Does individual freedom justify violence? Does man-woman love mean instant betrayal? Is the high-flyer doomed to plummet to death? Or is "Brewster McCloud" merely fuzzily thought out?

Regardless, it's a gas of a particularly original chemical composition, and Sally Kellerman is as close to the Great Goddess as we'll ever see on film.

"The Great White Hope" left me shaking after its powerful ending. This film version of the prize-winning Broadway play stars James Earl Jones in an overwhelming performance as the first black heavyweight champion, and Jane Alexander, superb as his sensitive white mistress, in bigoted pre-World War I America.

"The Great White Hope" is sometimes stagey rather than cinematic, and its regrettable cakewalk scene belongs in "Hello, Dolly."

But fighter Jones is a militant born ahead of his time, a strong, proud man who won't give in, and his final defeat has the force of tragedy. "The Great White Hope" pours out raw emotion like a champion's punch at gut level.

By contrast, "Cromwell," a big historical blockbuster, has all the impact of a textbook. This long, carefully researched study of England's 17th-century Civil War focuses on the figures of Charles I and the Puritan leader who conquered him.

As the King, Alec Guinness is occasionally moving, but despite beard and love-locks he is always Alec Guinness and not a royal Stuart. As Cromwell, Richard Harris is consistently wooden.

Despite big battle scenes, Ken Hughes' soggy direction makes "Cromwell" a dull historical documentary.

Every female I know who's seen "Love Story" cried. Me, too. It's a nice little unpretentious picture about two straight kids who fall in love, marry against parental objection, and have a short, struggling, happy life together until the girl dies.

Arthur Miller's restrained direction, the sincerity of the leads, Ali MacGraw and Ryan O'Neal, and good support by John Marley and Ray Milland (completely bald!) as their respective parents make "Love Story" decent sentiment instead of sentimentality.

Neither excellent direction nor acting save "I Never Sang for My Father." It's cursed by a script of sudsy turgidity. Melvyn Douglas may win an Oscar for his marvelous portrait of an aged, crochety, selfish parent, however. And Gene Hackman, Estelle Parsons and Dorothy Stickney are almost as good as his son, daughter and wife respectively.

## Frederic Stout Reviews Little Theatre

### Berkeley Repertory Theatre

By all rights, the Berkeley Repertory Theatre should be one of the most accomplished theatrical companies in the Bay Area. The house is comfortable, seating the audience on three sides of a good, working stage. The actors and directors are immensely versatile, as is their talented production staff.

But the Theatre suffers from a kind of spiritual crisis that is evidenced in the plays it chooses to perform. In "The Plough and the Stars," "Too True To Be Good" and now in Jean Anouilh's "Antigone," it has presented a depressing series of vaguely "political" plays that simply have nothing relevant to say about the crisis of the present.

Anouilh's "Antigone" is an inconclusive examination of the confrontation between logic and passion, and the company gives it a better production than it deserves.

Robert Mooney's direction is firm and well-paced. As Creon, Michael Leibert is a stern and unyielding ruler to whom law and order are the highest civic ideals. Karen Ingenthron portrays the rebellious Antigone's anguish with sympathetic ease. As the chorus, William Douglas is an arresting link between the audience and the action.

But despite these talents, "Antigone" treads close to the precipice of complete boredom.

First produced in German-occupied France in 1944, "Antigone" was conceived as an anti-fascist play, but evidently few Nazis were infuriated. This is not surprising. So veiled is Anouilh's attack on the forces of totalitarian repression that the only message seems to be that hard-heartedness will generally triumph over soft-headedness. (2980 College Ave., 848-2791.)

### Playhouse Repertory Theatre

"The Amorous Flea," a musical version of Moliere's "School for Wives," written by Jerry Devine with music and lyrics by Bruce Montgomery, is the current production of the Playhouse Repertory Theatre of San Francisco, presented on Friday and Saturday nights at the company's temporary home in the Old First Presbyterian Church on the corner of Sacramento and Van Ness. (567-4600.)

The play is neither more nor less than a charming piece of fluff, nothing very profound, but simply a diverting evening of entertainment.

The entire company of the Playhouse Repertory projects youth and enthusiasm. As the young lovers Agnes and Horace, Beverlee Cochrane and Alan Clark are assured, although Clark's singing voice leaves something to be desired.

Barbara Martin is properly saucy as the maid Georgette. The bulk of the action is masterfully carried by Eugene Hart as the dirty old man Amolphe.

Director Henry Stein plans to run "The Amorous Flea" through February, with a possible revival come the summer. Sometime around March 1st, the Playhouse Repertory will present the Bay Area premiere of "Tango" by the Polish playwright Slawomir Mrozek.

### The Magic Theatre

The Magic Theatre production of "The Fish," a new play by Drury Pifer, is another triumph for what is probably the most imaginative company in the Bay Area.

The play itself is something of a riddle. Seemingly set in the future, the action is really a parable of the present where corporation executives make no pretense about holding state power, where the homes of the citizenry have become actual prisons rather than merely figurative ones and where the police are roving bands of para-military bullies.

Robert Goldsby's direction, which incorporates every style from the realistic to the surrealistic, is masterful (as is John Newcomb's lighting).

The talents of the Magic Theatre's actors can only be described in superlatives. Those with smaller parts are as impressive as the leads. Special mention should go to Charles Goldman who plays the mad abortionist Serfiglio, Steven Kent Browne whose portrayal of a withdrawn and inarticulate hippie is outrageous, and Victor Alter who plays the ineffectual Dr. Roberts with the fit-throwing frustration of Donald Duck.

In the principal parts, Angela Paton as the middle-aged mother, Jacqueline Box, John Lion as the hunchbacked psychologist, Frederick Shoulders, and Christopher Brooks as the profit-mad capitalist, William Schmitt, leave little to be desired.

The character Angela Paton creates contains a little bit of everyone's mother, and she plays the part with assurance and conviction. And Lion acts with a sustained energy that dominates the stage.

Most impressive of all is the brilliant Christopher Brooks as Schmitt. Brooks acts with his entire body and can communicate an impression to the audience with the merest of controlled movement. (Thursday through Sunday nights at the Steppenwolf Coffeehouse, 2136 San Pablo Avenue, Berkeley, 548-6336.)

### Extended Stage

No one likes to cross a picket line to see a play. Actors' Equity has pickets in front of the Extended Stage's production of William Hanley's "Slow Dance on the Killing Ground," and the sparse audience suggests that the tactic has had its effect.

Equity's complaint is not that the company is non-union (many small groups are) but that it is working out of the Committee Theatre, 836 Montgomery St., traditionally a professional Equity house that competes with other Equity productions in the area.

Actors' Equity is a good union and deserves support. On the other hand, the Extended Stage is a struggling new group so poor that it cannot afford advertising. Far from receiving union-scale wages, the actors are not paid at all and perform as much for the joy of acting as for the hope of gradually building a following that will make them financially successful.

In any case, "Slow Dance on the Killing Ground" is a fine play, and the new company's production is impressive.

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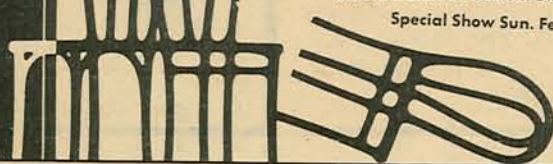
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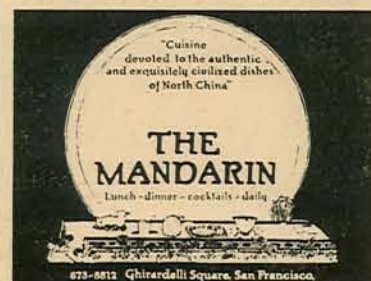
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## Alioto's 'San Francisco' plan means delay on minority jobs

Continued from page 19  
ployment in Model Cities construction.

It may not actually mean many jobs, either, since the number depends on the availability of Federal construction funds, and they are hardly being handed out at all these days.

That is one of the main complaints of unions and contractors. They charge--and quite legitimately--that the Nixon Administration is not practicing what it has been preaching.

The Administration, as they say, has been playing a crude political game by demanding that construction jobs be opened for minority workers at

the same time that it has been cutting back drastically on projects that would provide many of the jobs, and cutting back on job training projects to prepare minority workers.

### Starts fight

This has tended to pit minority workers against the unions which are Nixon's major political foes and to draw into his camp white construction workers who fear that minority workers might take their jobs.

Unemployment among construction workers, reports Secretary Dan Del Carlo of the AFL-CIO's Building and Construction Trades Council in San Francisco, currently ranges from 25 to 60 per cent, depending on the craft.

"So the solution to greater minority employment," Del Carlo concludes, "is to increase the amount of construction to a

point where it can absorb those already unemployed and also additional entrants in the various trades."

Del Carlo claims the problem is almost solely a lack of building activity. Given enough work to go around, he asserts, unions and contractors will "act responsibly in the area of equal employment and affirmative action."

### Del Carlo's evidence

As evidence, Del Carlo cites the Model Cities agreement and the Apprenticeship Opportunities Foundation, which has found job training for more than 200 minority youngsters since unions and contractors helped set it up in San Francisco three years ago.

But will there be enough work to further test the professed good will of unions and contractors?

That State survey seemed to say there will be enough, in predicting that the number of local construction jobs would grow almost 6,500 over the next four years despite the Nixon

Administration's political economies. It predicted, specifically, a "substantial gain" in house construction and moderate gains in the industrial and commercial fields.

Del Carlo and contractor spokesmen do not agree, however. They predict, in Del Carlo's words, "a diminishing rather than an expanding construction work force," in part because of factors which they claim are peculiar to San Francisco. They include high productivity, extensive use of labor-saving devices and a lack of space in which to build, to list three.

### Bets hedged

So what it really amounts to is that union and contractor spokesmen are hedging their bets. They say they will develop a plan for fully integrating the construction industry, but they pass the responsibility for its success to others.

Others must develop the new jobs which they say are necess-

ary to carry out the plans and, if they don't, the fault can't be laid to the unions and contractors, can it? Certainly you couldn't ask them to share the jobs now held overwhelmingly by white union members, could you?

Fletcher, the assistant labor secretary, is among those who doubt that the unions and contractors will come up with an acceptable plan. So, just in case, the Labor Department is preparing a "San Francisco Plan" of its own.

If the other plans around the country are any guide, however, it won't much matter anyway. Almost none of them -- government imposed or voluntary -- are working very well.

A major court fight has stymied the original plan in Philadelphia, and legal experts say the Supreme Court eventually may rule that the key requirement for the hiring of specific percentages of minorities is an unconstitutional quota system.



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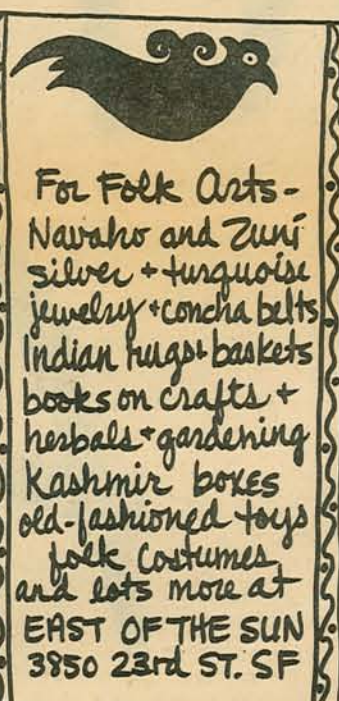


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Or WHAT are you? REALLY. Are you merely a hank of hair and a piece of bone? A grand glob of protoplasm held together by a little sinew and tendon? Is there any reason why you couldn't be something greater, something finer; something intangible, something untouchable? Well, couldn't you be? Why not? Need an answer? THE MANAHEM COULD BE THE MEANS.

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# ARE

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